

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



CONGRUE,
Along the Ground her colder limbs she laid
Whence late the grave was for Amyntas made.
Verse of Amyntas for Amyntas.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILL. CONGREVE.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

————Minuentur atrae
Carmine curae.————

HOR.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd !
Well had I been depos'd if you had reign'd :
The father had descend'd for the son,
For only you are lineal to the throne.....
Yet this I prophesy, Thou shalt be seen
(Tho' with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of Wit ; and, seated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.....
This is your portion, this your native store ;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much, she could not give him more. }

DRYDEN TO CONGREVE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILL CONGREVE

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
IRREGULAR ODES,
PINDARIC ODES,
PASTORALS,
ELEGIES, SONGS,

PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
MISCELLANIES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

6. 6. 6.

On you, from Fate, a living portion fell
In ev'ry way of writing to excel.
Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings,
Whene'er you draw an undisssembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow.
Pastora's the complaint of ev'ry swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain!
Or if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse,
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life,
You the great act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse,
SIR R. STEELE TO CONGREVE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE

CONTAINING HIS

THE RIVAL PARTISANS	THE TWO PARTISANS
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THE TWO PARTISANS	THE TWO PARTISANS



By the Author
LONDON
Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.
1726.

EDINBURGH
At the Theatre Royal, in the Market.
1726.

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THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM CONGREVE, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was descended from the ancient house of Congreve in Staffordshire, but authors differ as to the place of his birth; some contend that he was born in Ireland *, others that he drew his first breath at the village of Bardsa, near Leeds in Yorkshire, which was the estate of a near relation of his by his mother's side. Mr. Jacob, in his preface to *The Lives of the Poets*, has informed us that he had the advice and assistance of Mr. Congreve in that work, who communicated to him many particulars of the lives of contemporary writers, as well as of himself; and as Mr. Congreve can hardly be thought ignorant of the place of his own birth, and Mr. Jacob has asserted it to be in England, no room is left to doubt of it. The learned antiquary of Ireland, Sir James Ware, has reckoned our Author amongst his own country Worthies, from the relation of Southern; but Mr. Congreve's own account, if Jacob may be relied on, is more than equal to that of Southern, who possibly might be mistaken.

About the year 1671, or 1672, our Author was born, and his father carried him, when a child, into Ireland, where he then had a command in the army, but afterwards was entrusted with the management of a considerable estate belonging to the noble family

* General Dictionary.

of Burlington, which fixed his residence there *. Mr. Congreve received the first tincture of letters in the great school of Kilkenny, and, according to common report, gave early proofs of a poetical genius. His first attempt in poetry was a copy of verses on the death of his master's magpye.

He went from the school of Kilkenny to the university of Dublin, where, under the direction of Dr. George Ashe, he acquired a general knowledge of the Classics. His father, who was desirous that his studies should be directed to a profitable employment, sent him over to England a little after the Revolution, and placed him as a student in the Middle-Temple: but the severe study of the law was so ill adapted to the sprightly genius of Congreve, that he never attempted to reconcile himself to a way of life for which he had the greatest aversion. But however he disappointed his friends with respect to the proficiency they expected him to make in the law, yet it is certain he was not negligent in those studies to which his genius led him.

Mr. Congreve's first performance, written when but a youth of seventeen, was a novel, dedicated to Mrs. Katherine Leveson, which gave proof not only of a great vivacity of wit, but also a fluency of style, and a solid judgment. He was conscious that young men in their early productions generally aimed at a florid style and enthusiastic descriptions, without any regard to

* Wilson's Memoirs of Congreve.

the plot, fable, or subserviency of the parts; for this reason he formed a new model, and gave an example how works of that kind should be written. He pursued a regular plan, observed a general moral, and carried on a connexion, as well as distinction, between his characters.

This performance is entitled *Incognita*; or, *Love and Duty Reconciled*. It has been asserted that this is a real history, and, though the scene is laid in Italy, the adventures happened in England. It is not our business to enter into the secret history of this entertaining piece, or to attempt giving the reader a key to what the writer took so much pains to conceal. It appears from this piece that Mr. Congreve aimed at perfection from the very beginning, and his design in writing this novel was to shew how novels ought to be written. Let us hear what he says himself, and from thence we shall entertain a higher opinion of his abilities than could possibly be raised by the warmest commendations. After very judiciously observing that there is the same relation between romances and novels as between tragedy and comedy, he proceeds thus: "Since all traditions must indisputably give place to the drama, and since there is no possibility of giving that life to the writing or repetition of a story which it has in the action, I resolved in another beauty to imitate dramatic writing, namely, in the design, contexture, and result in the plot. I

“ have not observed it before in a novel. Some I have
“ seen begin with an unexpected accident, which has
“ been the only surprising part of the story, cause
“ enough to make the sequel look flat, tedious, and
“ insipid; for it is but reasonable the reader should
“ expect if not to rise, at least to keep upon a level
“ in the entertainment, for so he may be kept on in
“ hopes that some time or other it may mend; but
“ the other is such a baulk to a man, it is carrying
“ him up stairs to shew him the dining room, and af-
“ terwards force him to make a meal in the kitchen.
“ This I have not only endeavoured to avoid, but
“ also have used a method for the contrary purpose.
“ The design of this novel is obvious; after the first
“ meeting of Aurelian and Hippolito with Incognita
“ and Leonora, the difficulty is in bringing it to pass,
“ maugre all apparent obstacles, within the com-
“ pass of two days. How many probable casualties
“ intervene in opposition to the main design, viz. of
“ marrying two couple so oddly engaged in an intri-
“ cate amour, I leave the reader at his leisure to con-
“ sider; as also whether every obstacle does not, in
“ the progress of the story, act as subservient to that
“ purpose, which at first it seems to oppose. In a co-
“ medy this would be called the Unity of action; here
“ it may pretend to no more than an unity of con-
“ trivance. The scene is continued in Florence from

" the commencement of the amour, and the time
" from first to last is but three days."

Soon after Mr. Congreve's return to England he amused himself, during a slow recovery from a fit of sickness, with writing a comedy. Captain Southern, in conjunction with Mr. Dryden and Arthur Manwayring, Esq. revised this performance, which was *The Old Bachelor*; of which Mr. Dryden said, he never saw such a first play in his life; adding, that the Author, not being acquainted with the Stage or the Town, it would be pity to have it miscarry for want of a little assistance. Mr. Thomas Davenant, who had then the direction of the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, had so high a sense of the merit of the piece, and was so charmed with the Author's conversation, that he granted him the freedom of the House before his play came on, which, according to the maxims of theatrical government, was not only an unusual but an unprecedented favour. In 1693 *The Old Bachelor* was acted before a numerous and polite audience. The play was received with such general applause, that Mr. Congreve was then considered as a prop to the declining stage, and a rising genius in dramatic poetry. It was this play, and the singular success which attended it upon the stage, that introduced our Author to the acquaintance of the Earl of Halifax, who was then the professed patron of men of wit; and who being desirous to raise a man of so promising

a genius above the necessity of too hasty productions, made him one of the Commissioners for licensing Hackney coaches. The Earl bestowed upon him, soon after, a place in the Pipe-office, and gave him likewise a post in the Custom-house to the value of 600 *l.* per annum.

In the following year Mr. Congreve brought upon the stage *The Double Dealer*, which met not with so good a reception as the former.

Mr. Congreve has informed us, in the Dedication of this play to Charles Montague, Esq. that he was very assiduous to learn from the Critics what objections could be found to it; but, says he, "I have heard nothing to provoke an answer. That which looks most like an objection does not relate in particular to this play, but to all or most that ever have been written, and that is soliloquy; therefore I will answer it not only for my own sake, but to save others the trouble to whom it may be hereafter objected. I grant that for a man to talk to himself appears absurd and unnatural, and indeed it is so in most cases, but the circumstances which may attend the occasion makes great alteration. It often happens to a man to have designs which require him to himself, and in their nature cannot admit of a confidant: such, for certain, is all villany; and other less mischievous intentions may be very improper to be communicated to a second person. In such a case,

" therefore, the audience must observe whether the
 " person upon the stage takes any notice of them at
 " all or no; for if he supposes any one to be by when
 " he talks to himself*, it is monstrous and ridiculous
 " to the last degree: nay, not only in this case, but
 " in any part of a play, if there is expressed any
 " knowledge of an audience, it is insufferable; but
 " otherwise, when a man in a soliloquy reasons with
 " himself, and *pro's* and *con's*, and weighs all his de-
 " signs, we ought not to imagine that this man either
 " talks to us or to himself; he is only thinking, and
 " thinking such matter as it were inexcusable folly
 " in him to speak. But because we are concealed
 " spectators of the plot in agitation, and the poet
 " finds it necessary to let us know the whole mystery
 " of his contrivance, he is willing to inform us of this
 " person's thoughts, and to that end is forced to make
 " use of the expedient of speech, no other or better
 " way being yet invented for the communication of
 " thought."

Towards the close of the same year Queen Mary
 died: upon that occasion Mr. Congreve produced an
 Elegiac Pastoral, a composition which the admirers
 of this Poet have extolled in the most lavish terms
 of admiration.

* Yet Maskwell purposely talks to himself, designing to be
 overheard by Lord Touchwood; undoubtedly an error in the
 conduct, and want of art in the Author. This he seems here
 to forget, or would not remember it.

When Mr. Betterton opened the New House at Lincoln's-Inn, Congreve took part with him, and gave him his celebrated comedy of *Love for Love*, then introduced upon the stage with the most extraordinary success. This comedy, with some more of our Author's, was smartly criticised by the ingenious Mr. Collier, as containing lessons of immorality, and a representation of loose characters, which can never, in his opinion, appear on a stage without corrupting the audience.

Messrs. Congreve, Dennis, and Dryden, engaged in a vigorous defence of the English stage, and endeavoured to shew the necessity of such characters being introduced, in order to be exposed and laughed at. To all their defences Mr. Collier replied, and managed the point with so much learning, wit, and keenness, that in the opinion of many he had the better of his antagonists, especially Mr. Congreve, whose comedies, it must be owned, though they are admirably written; and the characters strongly marked, are so loose that they have given great offence; and surely we pay too dear for pleasure when we have it at the expense of morality.

The same year he distinguished himself in another kind of poetry, viz. an Irregular Ode on the taking Namure, which the Critics have allowed to contain fine sentiments gracefully expressed. His reputation as a comic poet being sufficiently established, he was

desirous of extending his fame by producing a tragedy. It has been alleged that some, who were jealous of his growing reputation, put him upon this task, in order, as they imagined, to diminish it: for he seemed to be of too gay and lively a disposition for tragedy, and in all likelihood would miscarry in the attempt. However,

In 1697, after the expectation of the Town had been much raised, *The Mourning Bride* appeared on the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Few plays ever excited so great an ardour of expectation as this, and very few ever succeeded to such an extravagant degree. There is something new in the management of the plot; after moving the passions of the audience to the greatest commiseration, he brings off his principal characters, punishes the guilty, and makes the play conclude happily.

The controversy we have just now mentioned was thought to have occasioned a dislike in Mr. Congreve towards the stage; yet he afterwards produced another comedy, called *The Way of the World*, which was so just a picture of the world, that, as an author prettily says, *The World could not bear it.*

The reception this play met with completed our Author's disgust to the theatre; upon which Mr. Dennis, who was a warm friend to Congreve, made this fine observation, "That Mr. Congreve quitted
" the stage early, and that Comedy left it with him."

It is said that when Congreve found his play met with but indifferent success, he came in a passion on the stage, and desired the audience to save themselves the trouble of shewing their dislike, for he never intended to write again for the theatre, nor submit his works to the censure of impotent critics. In this particular he kept his word with them; and, as if he had foreseen the fate of his play, he took an ample revenge, in his Epilogue, of the race of little snarlers, who, excited by envy, and supported by false ideas of their own importance, dared to constitute themselves judges of wit without any just pretensions to it. This play has long ago triumphed over its enemies, and is now in great esteem amongst the best judges of theatrical entertainments.

Though Mr. Congreve quitted the stage, yet did not he give up the cause of poetry; for on the death of the Marquis of Blandford, the only son of the Duke of Marlborough, which happened in 1705, we find him composing a Pastoral to soften the grief of that illustrious family, which he addressed to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin.

About the same time the extraordinary success of the Duke of Marlborough's arms furnished him with materials for an Ode to Queen Anne. In another Pindaric Ode he celebrates the Lord Godolphin, taking occasion, from that nobleman's delight in horse-racing, to imitate the Greek poet in his favourite man-

ner of writing by an elegant digression, to which he added a criticism on that species of poetry.

As in the early part of his life Mr. Congreve had received favours from people of a less exalted station, so of these he was highly sensible, and never let slip any opportunity of shewing his gratitude. He wrote an Epilogue to his old friend Southern's Tragedy of Oroonoko; and Mr. Dryden has acknowledged his assistance in the translation of Virgil. He contributed, by his version of the eleventh Satire of Juvenal to the translation of that poet, published also by Mr. Dryden, to whom Mr. Congreve wrote a copy of verses on his translation of Persius. He wrote, likewise, a Prologue for a play of Mr. Charles Dryden's, full of kindness for that young gentleman, and of respect for his father.

But the noblest testimony he gave of his filial regard to the memory of his poetical father, Mr. John Dryden, was the Panegyric he wrote upon his works, contained in the Dedication of Dryden's Plays to the Duke of Newcastle.

Mr. Congreve translated the third book of Ovid's Art of Love, and some favourite passages from the Iliad.

The author of the elegant Letters not long ago published under the name of Fitzosborne, has taken some pains to set before his readers the version of those parts of Homer translated by our Author, and the

same passages by Pope and Tickell, in which comparison the palm is very deservedly yielded to Pope.

Our Author wrote a satire called *Doris*, celebrated by Sir Richard Steele, who was a warm friend to Mr. Congreve: he also wrote *The Judgment of Paris*, a *Mask*, and the *Opera of Semele*; of these the former was acted with great applause, and the latter is finely set to music by Mr. Eccles. The last of his poetical works is his *Art of Pleasing*, addressed to Sir Richard Temple, the late Viscount Cobham. He has written many prose epistles, dispersed in the works of other writers, and his *Essay on Humour in Comedy*, published in a collection of Dennis's Letters, is an entertaining and correct piece of criticism. All his other letters are written with a great deal of wit and spirit, a fine flow of language, and are so happily intermixed with a lively and inoffensive raillery, that it is impossible not to be pleased with them at the first reading: we may be satisfied, from the perusal of them, that his conversation must have been very engaging, and therefore we need not wonder that he was cherished by the greatest men of his time, or that they courted his friendship by every act of kindness in their power.

It is said of Mr. Congreve, that he was a particular favourite with the ladies, some of whom were of the first distinction. He indulged none of those reveries and affected absences so peculiar to men of wit: he

was sprightly as well as elegant in his manner, and so much the favourite of Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, that even after his death she caused an image of him to be every day placed at her toilette-table, to which she would talk, as to the living Mr. Congreve, with all the freedom of the most polite and unreserved conversation. Mrs. Bracegirdle, likewise, had the highest veneration for our Author, and joined with her Grace in a boundless profusion of sorrow upon his death. Some think he had made a better figure in his last will, had he remembered the friendship he professed for Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose admirable performance added spirit to his dramatic pieces ; but he forgot her, and gratified his vanity, by chusing to make a rich Duchess his sole legatee and executrix.

Mr. Congreve was the son of Fortune as well as of the Muses. He was early preferred to an affluent situation, and no change of ministry ever affected him, nor was he ever removed from any post he enjoyed, except to a better.

His place in the Custom-house, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upwards of 1200 *l.* a-year : and he was so far an economist as to raise from thence a competent estate. No man of his learning ever passed through life with more ease or less envy ; and as in the dawn of his reputation he was very dear to the greatest wits of his time, so during his whole life he preserved the utmost re-

spect of, and received continual marks of esteem from, men of genius and letters, without ever being involved in any of their quarrels, or drawing upon himself the least mark of distaste, or even dissatisfaction. The greatest part of the last twenty years of his life were spent in ease and retirement, and he gave himself no trouble about reputation. When the celebrated Voltaire was in England, he waited upon Congreve, and passed some compliments upon him as to the reputation and merit of his works; Congreve thanked him, but at the same time told that ingenious foreigner he did not chuse to be considered as an Author, but only as a private Gentleman, and in that light expected to be visited. Voltaire answered, "That if he had never
 " been any thing but a private gentleman, in all probability he had never been troubled with that visit."

Mr. Voltaire, upon this occasion, observes that he was not a little disgusted with so unseasonable a piece of vanity:—this was indeed the highest instance of it that perhaps can be produced. A man who owed to his wit and writings the reputation as well as the fortune he acquired, pretending to divest himself of human nature to such a degree as to have no consciousness of his own merit, was the most absurd piece of vanity that ever entered into the heart of man; and of all vanity that is the greatest which masks itself under the appearance of the opposite quality.

Towards the close of his life he was much troubled

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with the gout, and for this reason, in the summer of the year 1728, he made a tour to Bath, for the benefit of the waters, where he had the misfortune to be overturned in his chariot, from which time he complained of a pain in his side, which was supposed to arise from some inward bruise. Upon his return to London he perceived his health gradually decline, which he bore with fortitude and resignation.

On January the 19th 1728-9, he yielded his last breath, about five o'clock in the morning, at his house in Surrey-street in the Strand, in the 57th year of his age. On the Sunday following, January 26, his corpse lay in state in the Jerusalem-Chamber, from whence, the same evening, between the hours of nine and ten, it was carried with great decency and solemnity to Henry the VIth's chapel; and after the funeral service was performed, it was interred in the Abbey. The pall was supported by the Duke of Bridgewater, Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, Lord Wilmington, the Hon. George Berkley, Esq. and Brigadier-general Churchill, and Colonel Congreve followed his corpse as chief mourner. Some time after a neat and elegant monument was erected to his memory by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, with this inscription, " Mr. William Congreve died Jan. 19. 1728, " aged fifty-six, and was buried near this place; to " whose most valuable memory this monument is set " up by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, as a mark

“ how dearly she remembers the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man, whose virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and esteem of the present age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the future.”

Mr. Congreve's reputation is so extensive, and his Works so generally read, that any specimen of his poetry may be deemed superfluous.

We shall conclude the life of this eminent wit with the testimony of Mr. Pope in his favour, from the close of his Postscript to the translation of Homer: it is in every respect so honourable, that it would be injurious to Mr. Congreve to omit it.—His words are —“ Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men, as well as the finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer, and one who, I am sure, sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. Congreve and of

A. POPE.”

EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, &c.

To you, my Lord, my Muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays ;
To you she first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice ;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound her numbers range,
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change ;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For now she tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre. 10
In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams ;
Yet near the sacred Mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight, 15
And fears to fall from an Icarian height ;
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires
Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires, 20

And knows as well it is your lowest praise
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us than adorn!
Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd, 25
And gain'd alone a fame which there sev'n states divide.
But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost:
A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd. 30

But still, my Lord, tho' your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of Fame,
Tho' your ambition ends in public good,
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood)
Yet think not meanly of your other praise, 35
Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.
How oft a patriot's best laid schemes we find
By party cross'd or faction undermin'd!
If he succeed he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot. 40
But honours which from verse their source derive,
Shall both surmount detraction and survive:
And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name. 44

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TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic story tells
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destin'd hero send
By whom the dire enchantment is to end;
Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poesy!

Those sullen clouds which have for ages past
O'er Persius' too long-suff'ring Muse been cast,
Disperse and fly before thy sacred pen,
And in their room bright tracks of light are seen. 10
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music and poetic fires;
Else whence proceeds this great surprise of light?
How dawns this day forth from the womb of Night?

Our wonder now does our past folly show, 15
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiously despise
The Sacred Oracles in mysteries.
Persius before in small esteem was had,
Unless what to Antiquity is paid; 20
But like Apocrypha, with scruple read,
(So far our ignorance our faith misled)

Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin which bears some awful monarch's face 25
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass,
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow. 30

Old Stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines;
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
And as before for Persius our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him,
So now, whatever praise from us is due, 35
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new;
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal; 40
But thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire. 42

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TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L—Y—'S PICTURE.

I yield, O Kneller! to superior skill,
 Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
 If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
 It is no more to rival thee, but praise.

Oft' have I try'd, with unavailing care,
 To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair,
 But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
 And rather shew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
 But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
 Have shewn my eyes th' impression in my heart;
 The bright idea both exists and lives,
 Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives,
 Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
 Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
 Others some faint resemblance may express,
 Which as 'tis drawn by chance we find by guess:
 Thy pictures raise no doubts when brought to view;
 At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
 Transcendent Artist! how complete thy skill!
 Thy pow'r to act is equal to thy will:
 Nature and Art in thee alike contend,
 Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
 For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
 Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.

As in thy pictures light consents with shade, 25
 And each to other is subservient made,
 Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
 And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my Friend! must do thee right,
 And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light. 30
 Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,
 Unpaid till the deserver is no more;
 Yet thou in present the best part hast gain'd,
 And from the chosen few applause obtain'd:
 Ev'n he who best could judge and best could praise,
 Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays; 36
 Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
 Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame:
 Unfit I follow where he led the way,
 And court applause by what I seem to pay; 40
 Myself I praise while I thy praise intend,
 For 'tis some virtue virtue to commend;
 And next to deeds which our own honour raise,
 Is to distinguish them who merit praise. 44

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

OF PLEASING.

'Tis strange, dear Temple! how it comes to pass
 That no one man is pleas'd with what he has:
 So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
 That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
 Are with their persons and their parts content.
 Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,
 He most would be what least he should or can.
 Hence homely faces still are foremost seen,
 And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
 Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
 And fools are still most forward to advise;
 Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
 Whisp'ring his nothing round to all as friends;
 Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug, with art;
 Who nothing has to lose the war bewails,
 And he who nothing pays at taxes rails.
 Thus man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,
 And to be artfully absurd contrives.
 Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
 Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games:
 Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
 Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,

Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws, 25
 Nor mends his manners tho' you hold your nose :
 Therfites, who seems born to give offence,
 From uncouth form and frontless impudence,
 Assumes soft airs, and with a flur comes in,
 Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin : 30
 Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
 And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
 But that forsaken we like comets err ;
 Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke. 36

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
 Men most affect in general to please :
 Of this affection vanity's the source,
 And vanity alone obstructs its course ; 40
 That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
 Merit remote, and think the object nigh :
 The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
 And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
 Pursue the path for which he was design'd, 45
 And to his proper force adapt his mind,
 Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
 Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
 Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe. 50
 If Garth, or Blackmore friendly potions give,
 We bid the dying patient drink and live :

When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill,
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior, write,
 We study 'em with profit and delight;
 But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.
 All rules of Pleasing in this one unite,

"Affect not any thing in Nature's spight."
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
 For what? for ill resembling human-kind.
 "None are for being what they are in fault,
 "But for not being what they would be thought."

Thus I, dear Friend! to you my thoughts impart,
 As to one perfect in the Pleasing art;
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
 By Nature form'd for love and for esteem.
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
 And really are what others but profess.
 I'll not offend you while myself I please;
 I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praise:
 But when such early worth so bright appears,
 And antedates the fame which waits on years,
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,
 Not to confess it in the man I love;
 Tho' now I aim not at that known applause
 You've won in arms and in your country's cause:
 Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
 But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this Essay.
How should I show what pleases ? how explain
A rule to which I never could attain ?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which after we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once,
Concern'd to find his only son a dunce,
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains ;
And now the sire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclep'd Of Memory the Art.
But ah ! how oft 'is human care in vain !
For now he could not find his book again ;
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.
Now, to apply the story that I tell,
Which if not true is yet invented well,
Such is my case ; like most of theirs who teach,
I ill may practice what I well may preach,
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.

The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,
 And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat, 110
 Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel
 Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
 So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
 And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes:
 Well do they play the careful critic's part, 115
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
 Then show us what are bad by what they write. 118

TO LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

OF IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

SINCEREST critic of my prose or rhyme,
 Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time;
 Say, Cobham! what amuses thy retreat?
 Or stratagems of war or schemes of state?
 Dost thou recall to mind with joy or grief
 Great Marlbro's actions? that immortal chief,
 Whose highest trophy, rais'd in each campaign,
 More than suffic'd to signalize a reign.
 Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
 With glory past, where thou thyself had'st part? 10
 Or dost thou grieve, indignant, now to see
 The fruitless end of all thy victory?
 To see th' audacious foe, so late subdu'd,
 Dispute those terms for which so long they su'd,

As if Britannia now were sunk so low 15
 To beg that peace she wanted to bestow?
 Be far that guilt! be never known that shame,
 That England should retract her rightful claim!
 Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
 Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword. 20
 Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
 Each vexing thought and heart-devouring woe,
 And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,
 To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
 To raise the creeping rills from humble beds, 25
 And force the latent springs to lift their heads,
 On watry columns capitals to rear,
 That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
 Or dost thou, weary grown, late works neglect,
 No temples, statues, obelisks, erect, 30
 But catch the morning-breeze from fragrant meads,
 Or shun the noon-tide ray in wholesome shades?
 Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,
 To meditate on all that's wise and good?
 For Nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd 35
 A person pleasing with a worthy mind;
 Not giv'n the form alone, but means and art
 To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
 Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
 Yet want the way to use that fortune well. 40
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
 At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;

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Graceful in form, and winning in address;
 While well you think what aptly you express;
 With health, with honour, with a fair estate;
 A table free, and elegantly neat,
 What can be added more to mortal bliss?
 What can he want that stands possess'd of this?
 What can the fondest wishing mother more,
 Of Heav'n attentive for her son implore?
 And yet a happiness remains unknown,
 Or to Philosophy reveal'd alone;
 A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain
 Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
 Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
 Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
 Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
 (Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
 Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife
 Still think the present day the last of life: 60
 Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;
 Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
 With her enliv'ning and unlook'd-for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays! 65
 Its favours unexpected doubly please.
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
 All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave. 70

Come see thy friend retir'd, without regret,
 Forgetting care, or striving to forget,
 In easy contemplation soothing time,
 With morals much, and now and then with rhyme;
 Not so robust in body as in mind, 75
 And always undejected, tho' declin'd;
 Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,
 Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days;
 For virtue now is neither more or less,
 And vice is only vary'd in the dress. 80
 Believe it men have ever been the same,
 And Ovid's Golden Age is but a dream. 82

IRREGULAR ODES.

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMURE.

*Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores:
Nil orturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

HOR. AD AUGUSTUM.

I.

OF arms and war my Muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string:
New fire informs my soul unfelt before,
And on new wings to heights unknown I soar.
O Pow'r unseen! by whose resistless force
Compell'd I take this flight, direct my course,
For Fancy wild and pathless ways will chuse,
Which Judgment rarely, or with pain, pursues.
Say, sacred Nymph! whence this great change pro-
Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds, [ceeds?
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroic deeds,
Neglecting flames of love for martial fire?

II.

William alone my feeble voice can raise;
What voice so weak that cannot sing his praise!
The list'ning world each whisper will befriend
That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend:

The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait around,
 And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound:
 Ev'n I will in his praise be heard, 20
 For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd,
 Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
 High as the spheres I will his triumph sing;
 High as the head of Fame; Fame, whose exalted size
 From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies*:
 A thousand talking tongues the monster bears, 26
 A thousand waking eyes, and ever open ears;
 Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,
 Meas'ring the globe, like Time, with constant race;
 Yet shall she stay and bend to William's praise: 30
 Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays;
 Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall
 [gaze.

But, lo! a change astonishing my eyes!
 And all around behold new objects rise!
 What forms are these I see? and whence? 35
 Beings substantial? or does air condense,
 To clothe in visionary shape my various thought?
 Are these by fancy wrought?
 Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense?
 O sacred Poesy! O boundless Power! 40
 What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds
 explore!
 Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,
 What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye!

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made,
 And flowing brooks, beneath a forest's shade,
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
 Stood feeding by, while two fierce bulls prepar'd
 Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war to prove
 The victor worthy of the fair one's love;
 Unthought preface of what met next my view
 For soon the shady scene withdrew;
 And now for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs,
 Behold a town arise bulwark'd with walls and lofty
 Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread;
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd;
 With eager eyes beholding both from far
 Namure! the prize and mistress of the war.
 Now thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame;
 Defensive arms the Gallic forests bear,
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare;
 For Fortune had with partial hand before
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r;
 High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
 Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands;
 A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy cliffs that strike the sight with pain,
 And no impending terrors o'er the plain.

To this what dangers men can add by force or skill,
 (And great is human force and wit in ill) 70
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side wide gaping engines wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate,
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar mocking the wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse Pow'r appear;
 But British forces are us'd to fear; 76
 Tho' thus oppos'd they might, if William were not
 But hark, the voice of War! behold the storm begin!
 The trumpets' clangor speaks in loud alarms,
 Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din 80
 Of cannons' burst and rattling clash of arms,
 Clamours from earth to heaven, from heav'n to earth,
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd, [rebound,
 And Echo lost in one continu'd sound.
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent, 85
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
 Such flames the gulfs of Tartarus disgorge,
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge; 88
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that
 Redd'ning with horrid gloom the dusky smoke [broke,
 When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder
 And massive bolts on repereussive anvils beat. [sweat,
 Amidst this rage behold where William stands, 94
 Undaunted, undismay'd!

With face serene dispensing dread commands,
Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd;
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly,
And burning balls hiss harmless by;
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dars the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missile fires that fester in each limb;
Which dire revenge alone has pow'r to assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.
And now with desperate force and fresh attack,
Thro' obvious deaths, relentless way they make;
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they
And then ascend, resembling thus (as farguill say,
As race of men inferior may)
The sam'd gigantic war,
When those tall sons of Earth did heav'n aspire,
(A brave but impient fire)
Uprooting hills with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale;
The gods with horror and amaze look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown
With threat'ning that that shook th' ethereal firm;
Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create,
E'en Jove desponding sat,

Diſſolv'd his baſis ſaw.

Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,
 And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood,
 Who tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
 O'erwhelm'd those hills by which they thought to rise.
 Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
 And now in godlike William storms with equal force

IX.

[below.

Still they proceed with firm unshaken pace,
 And hardy breasts oppos'd to Danger's face.
 With daring feet on springing mines they tread
 Of secret sulphur in dire ambush laid;
 Still they proceed, tho' all beneath the lab'ring earth
 Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth:
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all, they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
 See how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
 See how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
 Now from the fort behold the yielding flag is spread,
 And William's banner on the breach display'd

X.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice!
 The skies with acclamations ring!
 Hark, how around the hills rejoice,
 And rocks reflected joys sing!
 Hautboys, and fifes; and trumpets, join'd,
 Heroic harmony prepare,
 And charm to silence every wind,
 And glad the late tormented air.

Far is the sound of martial music spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallic host,
 Whose num'rous troops the dreadful storm survey'd;
 But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd, 150
 Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost;
 William their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
 Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!
 Not the wing'd Pegasus, with petrific shield, 154
 Of Gorgon's head to more amazement charm'd his
 Nor when on soaring horse he flew to aid 156;
 And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;
 Or more heroic was the deed,
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
 Then was Namure, till now by William freed. 160

XI.

Descend, my Muse! from thy too-daring height,
 Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;
 For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
 And dost with pain of triumphs sing.
 More fit for thee resume thy rural reeds; 165
 For war let more harmonious harps be strung:
 Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
 To him who sung the Boyne, or him to whom he sung,

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT,

SINGING.

Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
 And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
 Be calm, as in the arms of Death:
 And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
 Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,
 Be still; gently, ah! gently, leave,
 Thou busy, idle thing, to heave:
 Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
 That turbulent unruly flood,
 Be softly staid:

Let me be all, but my attention, dead:
 Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
 Leave your officious toil and strife;
 For I would hear her voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,
 And listen to her healing strains.
 A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
 Of sov'reign force to soften cares,
 And this thro' ev'ry ear she can impart,
 (By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.

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Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
 And to the tender grief soft Air applies,
 Which warbling mystic sounds 25
 Cements the bleeding panther's wounds.
 But, ah! beware of clam'rous moan;
 Let no unpleasing murmur or harsh groan
 Your slighted loves declare;
 Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear, 30
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
 And let all-sawcy Praise be dumb.

III.

And, lo! Silence himself is here;
 Methinks I see the midnight god appear; 35
 In all his downy pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend shade;
 An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
 Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his throne; 40
 Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer feet;
 A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
 Stoll'n from a lover in despair,
 Like a thin mantle serves to wrap 45
 In fluid folds his visionary shape;
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;

While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face and lull his eyes:

But, hark! the heav'nly sphere turns round;
And silence now is drown'd
In ecstacy of sound.

How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd! 55

And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

See how the heav'nly choir
Come flocking to admire,

And with what speed and care 60
Descending angels cut the thinnest air!

Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
And listen to her song;

Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither, fly: 65

Your loss of heav'n nor shall you need to fear;
While she sings 'tis heav'n here.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
While others sit around her mouth, and sip

Sweet hallelujahs from her lip; 70
Those lips where in surprise of bliss they rove;

For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast

Of music and of love.

45

75

And with her voice in chorus join,

Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,

80

To notes which only she can learn and you can teach :

Are wrapt in fweet forgetfulness

85

For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

87

PINDARIC ODES.

A PINDARIC ODE,

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

On the victorious progress of

HER MAJESTY'S ARMS

Under the conduct of the

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Operosa parvus

Carmineo fingit

HOB. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us than a sort of poems entitled *Pindaric Odes*, pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar; and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees* brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness

* Paufan. Boeotic,

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and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rambling and grating papers of verses pretending to be copies of his works &c.

The character of these late Pindarics is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned uncertain and perplexed verses and rhymes; and I appeal to any reader if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts; for tho' his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connexion which, tho' not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood * and misapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stan-

* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. iv. ode 2. who have applied *numerusq; fertur lege solutus*, to all the odes of Pindar, which there expressly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, Pindar deserves the laurel, let him write of what or in what manner soever, viz. first whether he writes Dithyrambics, which break through the bounds prescribed to other odes; or, secondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c. or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games; or, lastly, whether he sings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

zas in different odes, but in each particular ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us are songs of triumph, victory, or success, in the Grecian games: they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and pipe*; they consisted ofteneft of three stanzas; the first was called the Strophé, from the version or circular motion of the singers in that stanza from the right hand to the left; the second stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the contraversion of the chorus, the singers in performing that turning from the left hand to the right†, contrary always to their motion in the strophé; the third stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the after-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their odes is not our present business to inquire. Some have thought that by the con-

* Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace, L. iv. ode 1. *missis carminibus non sine fistula*; and, L. iii. ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra*?

† Or, from the left to the right; for the scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in *Pind. Schol. Introd. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexandro*, L. iv. c. 17. speaking of the ceremony of the chorus, says, *Cursum auspiciati a laeva dextrorsum—max a dextra laevorsum*. But the learned Schindius takes part with the first opinion, as more consistent with the notions of the Ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly spheres, and agreeable to Homer, there cited by him. See *Eras. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de carmin. lyric.*

trariety of the strophé and antistrophé they intended to represent the contrarotation of the *primum mobile*, in respect of the *secunda mobilia*; and that by their standing still at the epode, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth in celebrating his return from thence*.

The method observed in the composition of these odes was therefore as follows: the poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his strophé or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his antistrophé or second stanza, and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza or epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers as his ear or fancy led him, composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same measure† as often as he should repeat it in the order of his ode; so that every epode in the same ode is eternally the same in mea-

* Pind. Schol. et Schmid. ibid. † Vid. Jul. Scal. poetic. ad. fin. lib. iii. cap. 97.

sure and quantity in respect to itself, as is also every strophé and antistrophé in respect to each other.

The lyric poet Stesichorus (whom Longinus * reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian says †, that if he could have kept within bounds he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, *Ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti* ‡: so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him “ he did not “ so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus,” that is, did not know that an ode ought to consist of a strophé, an antistrophé, and an epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof, I mean in respect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general; but thus much I thought proper to say for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led them into such inquiries.

* Longin. de Sub. c. 13. † Quint. Inst. lib. x. c. 1.

‡ *Ore tā tria Stesichorou gignōskēs*, de vehementer indocto et imperito dici solitum. *Erasm. Adag.*

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode, or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing in our odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent; and certainly there may be very good English odes without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas: that I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those odes, which have been represented to us hitherto as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas, yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do if

always cloyed with the same quantities and measures, I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance, especially if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not shew itself till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased; therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them, and of all poetry especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, "which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected that something should be said of him at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse; but there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning, of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The beauty of his verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not

imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers; he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those Irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal though innocent occasion of so many deformed poems since, which instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painter's term) been only caricaturas of him; resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and possibly if others who have been under the same mistake would ingeniously confess the truth, they might own that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied, and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if Pausanias * was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his Hymns, notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

* Boeotic. pag. 588.

The shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in some measure for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last strophe of the same ode, which take in the paraphrase of Sudorius.

Qui multa paucis stringere comode

Novæ, morsus hic facit invidos

Spernunt, et auris mensq; para

Omne supervacuum rejectat.

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O D E.

I.

DAUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muse!
Calliope! what poet wilt thou chuse
Of Anna's name to sing?

To whom wilt thou thy fire impart;
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art?
Whom raise sublime on thy ethereal wing,
And consecrate with dew's of thy Castalian spring?

II.

Without thy aid the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain, 10
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.
Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest swain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung, 15
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm,
That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
When first the vocal shell was found, 20
With more than mortal skill
Inventer Hermes taught to sound:
Hermes on bright Latona's son,
By sweet persuasion won,

The wondrous work bestow'd ;
 Latona's son, to thine
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine :
 A god the gift, a god th' invention, show'd ;

I. god of music's name

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains ;
 A lower note his lofty song disdains
 Who sings of Ahna's name.
 The lyre is struck ; the sounds I hear,
 O Muse ! propitious to my pray'r ;
 O well-known sounds ! O melody, the same
 That kindled Mantuan fire and rais'd Mæonian flame !

CI

II. day of day of night

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone ;
 Witness sweet Spenser's lays
 And witness that immortal song,
 As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,
 Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raise,
 And mighty William sing with well-proportion'd

III. yll dildw of qm [praise.

Rise, fair Augusta ! lift thy head,
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn ;
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
 With cheerful ray the ruddy Morn.
 Thy lovely form and fresh-reviving state
 In crystal flood of Thames survey
 Then bless thy better fate,
 Bless Anna's most auspicious sway.

While distant realms and neighb'ring lands
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands
 On ev'ry side molest,
 Thy happier clime is free,
 Fair Capital of Liberty!
 And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
 Unshaken sees against her silver shores
 His foaming billows beat;
 So Britain's Queen, amidst the jars
 And tumults of a world in wars,
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of
 Fate.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose,
 Are soonest touch'd with sense of others' woes:
 Thus Anna's mighty mind,
 To mercy and soft pity prone,
 And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
 Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
 To wake for common good, and succour human-kind.

III.
 Fly, Tyranny! no more be known
 Within Europa's blissful bound;
 Far as th' uninhabitable zone
 Fly ev'ry hospitable ground:

To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair, 73
 There with the baleful beldam, Night,
 Unpeopled empire share,
 And rob those lands of legal right :
 For now is come the promis'd hour
 When Justice shall have pow'r ; 80
 Justice to earth restored,
 Again Astrea reigns !
 Anna her equal scale maintains,
 And Marlbrô wields her sure-deciding sword.

I.

Now couldst thou soar, my Muse! to sing the man 85
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
 Her tow'ring pinions spread,
 Thou shouldst of Marlbrô sing, whose hand,
 Unerring from his Queen's command,
 Far as the seven mouth'd Ister's secret head, 90
 To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy song should end ; tho' all the Nine
 Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
 To sing that glorious day
 When bold Bavaria fled the field, 95
 And veteran Gauls, ununs'd to yield,
 On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay,
 And spoils and trophies won perplex'd the victors'

III. long olden English way.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,
 And with success that song pursue, 100

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What art could aid thy weary wing
To keep the victor still in view?
For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
Nor sets, but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day;
So in the glorious round of fame
Great Marlbrô! still the same,
Incessant runs his course:
To climes remote and near
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
And universal is his aid and force.

105

110

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse!
For, O! what notes, what numbers, couldst thou chuse,
Tho' in all numbers skill'd,
To sing the hero's matchless deed
Which Belgia sav'd and Brabant freed!
To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharsalia's field.

115

II..

In the short course of a diurnal sun
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verse such worth can raise?
Lustre and life the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds sublime, exalted high, like these,
Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant praise.

120

125

III. *And thus could she sing*

Still would the willing Muse aspire,
 With transport still her strains prolong,
 But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
 And admiration stops her song. 130
 Go on, great Chief! in Anna's cause proceed,
 Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword
 Till Europe thou hast freed,
 And universal peace restor'd.
 This mighty work when thou shalt end, 135
 Equal rewards attend,
 Of value far above
 Thy trophies and thy spoils;
 Rewards e'en worthy of thy toils,
 Thy Queen's just favour, and thy country's love. 140

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To the Right Hon.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN,
LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Quemvis media eructurbs :

Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.

Nunc capit argenti splendor-----

Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo

Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala praeceps

Fertur-----

Omnes hi metuunt versas, odere poetas. HOR. LIB. I. SAT. 4.

ODE.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils

Ambition some excites,

And some desire of martial spoils

To bloody fields invites ;

Others insatiate thirst of gain

Provokes to tempt the dang'rous main,

To pass the burning line, and bear

Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air,

Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore

Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore : so

Nor widows' tears nor tender orphans' cries

Can stop th' invader's force ;

Nor swelling seas nor threat'ning skies
 Prevent the pirate's course:
 Their lives to selfish ends decreed, 15
 Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
 No anxious thoughts of ill repute
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit;
 But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
 Their fellow-creatures' fears they raise, or urge their
 III. [hate.

But not for these his iv'ry lyre 21
 Will tuneful Phœbus string,
 Nor Polyhymnia, crown'd amid the choir,
 Th' immortal epode sing.
 Thy springs, Castalia! turn their streams aside 25
 From rapine, avarice, and pride;
 Nor do thy greens, shady Aônia! grow
 To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

How just, most mighty Jove! yet how severe
 Is thy supreme decree, 30
 That impious men shall joyless hear
 The Muses' harmony!
 Their sacred songs, (the recompense
 Of virtue and of innocence)
 Which pious minds to rapture raise, 35
 And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
 To guilty hearts afford no kind relief,
 But add inflaming rage and more afflicting grief.

Monstrous Typhœus thus new terrors fill,
 He who assail'd the skies;
 And now beneath the burning hill
 Of dreadful Ætna lies;

Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
 He bellows in th' abyfs profound;
 Sicilia trembles at his roar,
 Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore,
 While all his hundred mouths at once expire
 Volumes of curling smoke and floods of liquid fire.

From heav'n alone all good proceeds;
 To heav'nly minds belong
 All pow'r and love, Godolphin! of good deeds,
 And sense of sacred song:

And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays
 To them who merit most her praise;
 Wherefore for thee her iv'ry lyre she strings,
 And soars with rapture while she sings.

Whether affairs of most important weight
 Require thy aiding hand;
 And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
 Thy serious thoughts demand;
 Whether thy days and nights are spent
 In cares, on public good intent;

Or whether leisure hours invite
 To manly sports or to refin'd delight;
 In courts residing, or to plains retir'd;
 Where gen'rous steeds contest with emulation fir'd;

II. ; eil nri 3. l. 65

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
 As once she Theron sung,
 While with the deathless worthy's fame
 Olympian Pifa rung;
 Nor less sublime is now her choice,
 Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.

And now she loves aloft to sound
 The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
 Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
 The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid

III. ; eil nri 3. l. 75

And see! the air-born racers start,
 Impatient of the rein;
 Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,
 Nor passing print the plain!
 The winds themselves, who with their swiftnefs vie,
 In vain their airy pinions ply;
 So far in matchless speed thy coursers pass
 Th' ethereal authors of their race.

And now a while the well-strain'd coursers breathe;
 And now, my Muse! prepare

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Of olive leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.

Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive first design'd; 90

Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all with one consent approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd, 95
In bounty to the world,

To emulate the Blue-ey'd maid,
And his huge trident hurl'd
Against the founding beach; the stroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke 100
The central earth, whence, swift as light,
Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous sight!
Neptune for human good the beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to hear the

III. [reins.]

Thus gods contended, (noble strife! 105
Worthy the heav'nly mind)
Who most should do to soften anxious life,
And most endear mankind.
Thus thou, Godolphin! dost with Marlbro' strive,
From whose joint toils we rest derive: 110
Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
Sweet peace at home thy care secures. 112

PASTORALS.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the death of

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum regina jubes renouare dolorem.

VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's shelter made,
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell;
By morning lark or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen,
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green;
For fragrant myrtle and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here, then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

ALEX. Ah! woe too great! ah! theme which far
The lowly lays of humble shepherds' feeds; [exceeds]

O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan swain;

Or melting words and moving numbers chuse;
Sweet as the British Colin's Mourning Muse;

Could I, like him, in tuneless grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel

Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill)
And with melodious woe the vallies fill;

The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;

Each whistling wind and murmur'ing stream should tell
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MEN. Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,

Yet would not all thy art avail to show
Verse worthy of her name or of our woe:

But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears;

Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.

Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;

In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEX. Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my
Artless as Nature's notes in birds untaught: [thought,

Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains, 45
 Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
 And thou, Thalia! darling of my breast, 50
 By whom inspir'd I sung at Comus' feast,
 While in a ring the jolly rural throng 55
 Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song,
 Be gone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays, 60
 My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys:
 Learn to lament, my Muse! to weep and mourn, 65
 Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
 Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air, 70
 And beat thy snowy breast and rend thy yellow hair:
 Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling chuse,
 Be gone, Thalia! Sorrow is my Muse.
 "I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 "And fable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn." 75

No more these woods shall with her sight be blest'd,
 Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd;
 No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
 And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
 No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass, 80
 Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face,
 While on their banks the wond'ring flocks havestood,
 Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft tales delight
 Her ears, no more with dances please her sight; 85
 Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth
 To bless the joyous day that gave her birth:

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Lost is that day, which had from her its light, 184
 For ever lost with her in endless night;
 In endless night, and arms of Death, she lies; 175
 Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament, ye Nymphs! and mourn, ye wretched
 Stray, all ye Flocks! and desert be, ye Plains! [Swains!
 Sigh, all ye Winds! and weep, ye Crystal Floods!
 Fade, all ye Flow'rs! and wither, all ye Woods! 80
 "I mourn, Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,

"And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;
 The marble weeps; and with a silent pace 85
 Its trickling tears distill upon her face.
 Falsely ye weep, ye Rocks! and falsely mourn;
 For never will you let the nymph return;
 With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
 And like the crocodile its prey laments. 90

O she was heav'nly fair in face and mind!
 Never in Nature were such beauties join'd;
 Without all shining, and within all white;
 Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
 Like some rare flow'r, whose leaves all colours yield,
 And op'ning is with sweetest odours fill'd. 96

As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
 So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
 To which excelling height she bore a mind
 Humble as osiers bending to the wind. 100
 Thus excellent she was.

Ah! wretched fate! she was, but is no more.
 Help me, ye Hills and Vallies! to deplore.
 "I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 "And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
 From that blest'd earth on which her body lies,
 May blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise:
 Let myrrha, weeping aromatic gum,
 And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb:
 Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
 Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:
 Thither let Fairies with their train resort,
 Neglect their revels and their midnight sport;
 There in unusual wailings waste the night,
 And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
 There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
 Nor holly bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
 Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
 And distant dens receive each howling beast;
 Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
 With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light.
 But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,
 And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
 Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
 And, sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
 That they may help to sing her elegy:
 Let Echo, too, in mimic moan deplore,
 And cry with me, Pastora is no more!
 "I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
 "And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

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And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
 And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;
 A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
 Each lily folds its leaves; and hangs its head;
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
 And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears;
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills;
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
 And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting urn:

The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove,
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
 And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the
 Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak,
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke:
 See Pales weeping, too, in wild despair,
 And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yond' fading myrtle, where appears
 The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
 See how she wrings her hands and beats her breast!
 And tears her useless girdle from her waist!
 Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing slaves,
 For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress'd!
 See how his sorrows swell his tender breast!
 His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
 And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping
 Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass, (wings,
 And all with tears bedews his beauteous face;
 With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
 And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
 All Nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
 And cry, with me, Pastora is no more!
 "I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
 "And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."
 The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
 And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
 The birds in songs their sorrows can disclose,
 And Nymphs and Swains in words can tell their woes:
 But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair
 Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.
 See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
 Lord of these woods and wide-extended plains,
 Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
 Scalding with tears the already faded grass,
 To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
 No more within Pastora's arms to rest
 No more! for those once soft and circling arms
 Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms:
 Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
 And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss,

On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid? 190
To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!

Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are;
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd. 196
"I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,
"And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn."

But see, Menalcars, where a sudden light
With wonder stops my song and strikes my sight,
And where Pastora lies it spreads around, 201
Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground,
While from her tomb behold a flame ascends
Of whitest fire, whose sight to heav'n extends;
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as light 203
Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light,
Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
And fixing there a glorious star remains;
"Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
"As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes." 210

THE TEARS

AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL.

THE LATE LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the Right Hon.

THE LORD GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

*Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra
Amictos queritur fecus.*

Integrat, et moestis late loca quaestibus implet.

VIRG. Georg. 4.

'Twas at the time when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the night,
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day,
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew;
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair!
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bow'r and rosy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.

Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries, III
 And did not weep? who such relentless eyes? III
 Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego, III
 And dumb distress and new compassion show, III
 As taught by her to taste of human woe: III
 Nature herself attentive silence kept, III
 And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept: III
 The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery course, III
 And rapid Rivers listen'd at their source; III
 Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound, III
 Lest Repetition should her accents drown; III
 The very Morning Wind with-held his breeze, III
 Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees, III
 As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead, III
 And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid: III
 No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murmur'ing groan, III
 Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan; III
 Her cries alone her anguish could express, III
 All other mourning would have made it less. III

Hear me, she cry'd, ye Nymphs and Sylvan Gods! 30
 Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes; III
 Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear, III
 Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r: III
 The loss which you prevented not deplore, III
 And mourn with me Amyntas, now no more. 35

Have I not cause, ye cruel Pow'rs! to mourn? III
 Lives there like me another wretch forlorn? III

Gij of d. 1777

Tell me, thou Sun! that round the world dost shine,
 Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
 Ye Winds! who on your wings sad accents bear, 40
 And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
 Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
 Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs, before?
 Tell me, thou Earth! on whose wide-spreading base
 The wretched load is laid of human race, 45
 Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress?
 Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
 When hoary Winter on thy shrinking head
 His icy, cold, depressing hand, has laid,
 Hast thou not felt less chillness in thy veins? 50
 Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
 But why to thee do I relate my woe,
 Thou cruel Earth! my most remorseless foe,
 Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
 Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid? 55
 What is't to me tho' on thy naked head
 Eternal Winter should his horror shed,
 Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endless frost,
 And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
 To me what comfort can the spring afford? 60
 Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
 Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies
 Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
 No; never! never!—Say, then, rigid Earth!
 What is to me thy everlasting dearth? 65

Tho' never flow'r again its head should rear,
 Tho' never tree again should blossom bear,
 Tho' never grass should clothe the naked ground,
 Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be found?
 None, none were found when I bewail'd their want; 70
 Nor wholesome herb was found nor healing plant,
 To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
 In vain I search'd the vallies, hills, and plains;
 But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
 Or pois'nous wends, distilling deadly dew: 75
 And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
 To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
 Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
 A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
 Witness to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry wood! 80
 Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood;
 Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
 What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed;
 How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
 When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave: 85
 For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
 And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;
 Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires, appear'd,
 And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard;
 The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft, 90
 And frighted streams their wonted channels left,
 With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
 Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd,

While I, forlorn and desolate, was left,
 Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope, bereft; 95
 To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
 And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
 For thee, Amyntas! all these pains were borne,
 For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn;
 For thee my soul to fight shall never leave, 100
 These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
 To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
 And hide my head in shades of endless night;
 For thou wert light, and life, and health, to me;
 The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee. 105
 Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
 The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
 Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
 Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
 Did ever youth so far his years transcend? 110
 Did ever life so immaturely end?
 For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
 And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future praise:
 For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
 And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove: 115
 But now, ah, dismal change! the tuneful throng
 To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song:
 Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
 And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
 There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie; 120
 There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die!

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
Excess of grief her falt'ring speech suppress'd :
Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made, 125
Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
Of softly falling rain a silver show'r;
Her loosely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light,
As if the sun had of his beams been shorn, 130
And cast to earth the glories he had worn :
A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill; 135
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their streams, as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains :
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd, 140
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell !
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful sound. 145

When all at once an universal pause
Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd :

Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume, 150
Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb,
As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy pile were new expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively springing green, 155
And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell a violet grew, 160
And thence their sweetness came, and thence their
mournful hue.

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids!
When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades,
Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow: 165
Think on Amyntas oft' as ye shall stoop
To crop the stalks and take 'em softly up:
When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear!
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due, 170
And bless his peaceful grave where first they grew.

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ELEGIES.

TO CYNTHIA,

WEeping AND NOT SPEAKING.

Why are those hours which Heav'n in pity lent
To longing love in fruitless sorrow spent?
Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move
With any passion stir'd but rising love?
Can Discontent find place within that breast, I hang
On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair might rest?
Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part,
I am no stranger to an aking heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All love's severest pangs I can endure;
I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure:
I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day:
I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, jealousy——and I have felt despair.
These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love;
Till warm compassion took at length my part,
And melted to my wish your yielding heart.

O the dear hour in which you did resign!
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
 And in a kiss you said your heart was mine. 23
 Thro' each returning year may that hour be
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
 Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,
 Let him collect the day to be more bright,
 Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night, 30
 And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve?
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
 When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire,
 Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd, 35
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
 When all my joys complete in you I find,
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
 O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
 This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower won,
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling shower,
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
 Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast, 43
 Lock'd in these arms think all thy sorrows past;
 Or, what remain think lighter made by me;
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
 Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears; 50

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Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
 And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.
 O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
 Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
 Is there a cause which words cannot express?
 Can I not bear a part nor make it less?
 I know not what to think—Am I in fault?
 I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
 Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be
 Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
 You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
 Ah! to be depriv'd then I must we part.
 Curse on that word; so ready to be spoke,
 For thro' my lips unmeant by me it broke.
 Oh! no; we must not, will not, cannot part,
 And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
 Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
 And racking fears and restless doubts increase;
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
 The hottest hell in which a heart can burn.

TO SLEEP.

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,
 How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!
 Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
 Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
 But, oh! how swift, how sure, thou art to shun
 The wretch by Fortune or by Love undone!
 Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
 Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
 Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread
 With friendly shade around my restless bed?
 Can no complainings thy compassion move?
 Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
 O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
 And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend:
 With equal kindness and with rival charms,
 Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;
 Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
 Where sooth'd with ease the panting youth respire,
 Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
 And rapture is reliev'd by indolence. 20
 But, oh! what fortune does the lover bear,
 Forlorn by thee and haunted by Despair!
 From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
 But painful nights his joyless days succeed.

But why, O God! do I of thee complain? no less
 Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease, my pain,
 Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
 I own unjustly to thy flesh upbraid;
 For oft' I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
 And my reluctant eyes from rest with-held, 30
 Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
 And sung with Philomel my nightly strains:
 With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
 For more enduring woes my days prolong
 The morning lark to mine accords his note, 35
 And tuns to my distress his warbling throat;
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
 Wailing like his absence and return:
 And all for thee—What had I well-nigh said?
 Let me not name thee; thou too charming Maid! 40
 No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
 Th' associates of my melody and love,
 In moving sounds alone relate their pain,
 And not with voice articulate complain;
 So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing, 45
 And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
 O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
 Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
 For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
 The peace I lose for her to her transfer. 50
 Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
 Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,

Steal on her brow; and as those dews attend,
 Till warn'd by waking Day to re-ascend,
 So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
 And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO A CANDLE.

Thou watchful Taper! by whose silent light
 I lonely pass the melancholy night;
 Thou faithful Witness of my secret pain!
 To whom alone I venture to complain,
 O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
 Commiserate a life so like thy own.
 Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
 Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn:
 Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,
 At once are signs of life and symptoms of decay: 10
 And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
 And only during night presume to shine,
 Their humble rays not daring to aspire
 Before the sun, the fountain of their fire;
 So mine, with conscious shame and equal awe, 15
 To shades obscure and solitude withdraw,
 Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
 From whose bright beams their being first arose. 18

SONGS.

SONG I.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my fond passion to break,
Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Celia! be kind then; and since your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should speak,
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

Hij

SONG II.

FALSE tho' she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change;
 In hours of bliss we oft' have met,
 They could not always last;
 And tho' the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

SONG III.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Cloe's false and common;
 I always knew (at least believ'd)
 She was a very woman:
 As such I lik'd, as such care's'd;
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.
 But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think a hard thing;
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
 And what care I one farthing?

You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
 I take her body, you her mind,
 Who has the better bargain?

14

SONG IV. IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I love, and am belov'd again,
 Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
 I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
 And all my coyness bid adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,
 Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
 I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,
 But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting, 10

When they find the blifs not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

"Then let us beware how far we consent;

"Too soon when we yield too late we repent; 15

"Tis ignorance makes men admire;

"And granting desire

"We feed not the fire,

"But make it more quickly expire." 19

SONG V.

I.

CRUEL Amynta! can you see
A heart thus torn which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But thro' your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles:
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles.

SONG VI.

I.

SEE, see she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

PROLOGUE

SONG VII.

PROLOGUE

I.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs

If I but ask the favour,

And yet the tender fool's in tears

When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,

Or else had hopes to win her;

Would she could make of me a saint,

Or I of her a sinner.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN MARY,

*Upon her Majesty's coming to see the Old Bachelor, after
having seen the Double Dealer.*

By this repeated act of grace we see
Wit is again the care of Majesty,
And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.

Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age, 5
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.
Whose wit is best we'll not presume to tell,
But this we know, our audience will excel;
For never was in Rome nor Athens seen
So fair a circle and so bright a Queen. 10

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past,
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light,
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold, 15
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold :
So does it still thro' opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow;

But when shot forth then draws the danger near,
On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit which frosts would
spare.

But now new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth, that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then like the sun with pleasure she might view
The smiling earth cloth'd by her beams anew!
O'er all the meads should various flow'rs be seen,
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

PROLOGUE

TO
PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

Our age has much improv'd the warrior's art,
For fighting now is thought the weakest part,
And a good head more useful than a heart,
This way of war does our example yield;
That stage will win which longest keeps the field.
We mean not battle when we bid defiance,
But starving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And those which first are hungry are subdu'd.

And there, in truth, depends the great decision; 15
 They conquer who cut off the foe's provision.
 Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother,
 Our war and trade is to out-wit each other.

But hold, will not the politicians tell us
 That both our conduct and our foresight fail us, 15
 To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,
 Thus in the dead vacation of the Town?
 To muster up our rhymes without our reason,
 And forage for an audience out of season?
 Our Author's fears must this false step excuse, 20
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
 Th' occasion ta'en when critics are away,
 Half wits and beaus, those rav'nous birds of prey;
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their
 wrath,

Mauling in mild lampoon th' intriguing Bath. 25
 Thus does our Authôr his first flight commence;
 Thus against friends at first with foils we fence;
 Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
 (Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
 Then spare the youth; or if you'll damn the play,
 Let him but first have his, then take your day. 31

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

A COMEDY WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUNIOR.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets and for blasted plays.
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd and overstock'd.
 Our authors, too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.
 What can the cause be that our plays wont keep,
 Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite ashamed
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
 When christ'nings fall and funerals increase.
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings. 16
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
 'Od's life! you don't know what you do, Sirs, when
 you write.

You'll find that Pegasus has tricks when try'd,
 Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride; 20
 Ladies and all, I faith, now get astride.
 Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
 Is grown as common now as knitting knots;
 With the same ease and negligence of thought
 The charming play is writ and fringe is wrought. 25
 Tho' this be frightful; yet we're more afraid
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade.
 Thus far, 'tis well enough; if here I would stop,
 But should they write we must e'en shut up shop.
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink? 30
 A mode, said I? 'tis a disease, I think,
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink;
 For still it spreads till each infection takes,
 And seizes ten for one that it forsakes.
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these. 35
 Nor should you damn it tho' it does not please,
 Since born without the bounds of your four seas:
 For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
 Yet as a stranger there is something due.
 From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent; 40
 Start not at Rome; for there's no Popery meant:
 Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuse,
 Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.
 Hither an off'ring his first-born he sends,
 Whose good or ill success on you depends: 45

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Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
 As due to greater merit than his own,
 And begs the fire may for the son atone.
 There's his last refuge; if the play don't take,
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake. 30

PROLOGUE

TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy Muse, to this high scene prefer'd,
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard,
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame:
 No longer shall the toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear,
 While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame. 10
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Shew her bright virgin-face, and scorn the Satyr's
 Happy her future days! which are design'd [mask.
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind;
 By just originals to draw with care, 15
 And copy from the Court a faultless fair:

Such labours with success her hopes may crown;
And shame to manners an incorrigible Town.

While this design her eager thought pursues,
Such various virtues all around she views, 20
She knows not where to fix or which to chuse;
Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
One only awes her with superior light :
From that attempt the conscious Muse retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aspires, 25
But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
That first enliven'd this auspicious day ;
On that bright star to whose indulgent pow'r
We owe the blessings of the present hour; 30
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we possess
By foreign conquest or domestic peace.

Then, Britain! then thy dawn of bliss begun; 35
Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun;
Then was it doom'd whose counsels should succeed,
And by whose arm the Christian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field. 40

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EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE

At the opening of the

Queen's Theatre in the Hay-market with an Italian pastoral.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHATEVER future fate our house may find,
At present we expect you should be kind :
Inconstancy itself can claim no right
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You must be fix'd a little ere you range;
You must be true till you have time to change.
A week at least; one night is sure too soon,
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas ! or who, is always new ?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd ;
For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.
In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing
Of harmless loves, our painted forests ring
In notes perhaps less foreign than the thing.

~~To sound and show at first we make pretence, 20~~
~~In time we may regale you with some sense,~~
~~But that, at present, were too great expense.~~
 We only fear the beaux may think it hard
 To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd;
 But in good breeding, sure, they'll once excuse 25
 Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger Muse.
 The day's at hand when we shall shift the scene,
 And to yourselves shew your dear selves again;
 Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
 And in bold strokes the vicious Town display. 30

EPILOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

SPOKEN BY MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
 To tempt your favours and regain your hearts.
 We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
 Like rain and sunshine mixt in April weather.
 Your different tastes divide our poet's cares;
 One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears:
 Thus while he strives to please he's forc'd to do't,
 Like Volscius, hip-hop in a single boot.
 Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books;
 But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks. 10

Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
 Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
 To follow fame knights-errant make profession,
 We damsels fly to save our reputation;
 So they their valour show, we our discretion. 15
 To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go,
 We to those islands where rich husbands grow;
 Tho' they're no monsters we may make them so.
 If they're of English growth they'll bear't with pa-
 tience;

But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations! 20
 Then bless your stars, you happy London Wives!
 Who love at large each day, yet keep your lives,
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doting blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
 Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
 Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms: 25
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding;
 Poor Soul! she wanted some of our Town breeding.
 Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse;
 Their law no Christian liberty allows: 30
 Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
 If virtue in a Heathen be a fault,
 Then damn the Heathen school where she was taught.
 She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam. 35

MISCELLANIES.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.
TO THE RIGHT HON.
CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.
HOR.

DESCEND, celestial Muse! thy son inspire
 Of thee to sing; infuse the holy fire.
 Belov'd of gods and men! thyself disclose;
 Say from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,
 Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down;
 The deeds of heroes deathless in renown
 Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
 Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;
 At once the rivals started to the race;
 And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
 Or both to all eternity contend;
 One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
 And rescue virtue rising from the grave.
 To thee, O Montague! these strains are sung,
 For thee my voice is tun'd and speaking lyre is strung;

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For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine, 16
 In thee their various fires united shine,
 Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
 To thee alone I dare my song commend,
 Whose nature can forgive and pow'r defend, 20
 And shew by turns the patron and the friend.
 Begin, my Muse! from Jove derive thy song,
 Thy song of right does first to Jove belong;
 For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
 Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed. 25
 When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
 And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd,
 Vicissitude of things, of men and states
 Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates;
 Then Time had first a name, by firm decree 30
 Appointed lord of all futurity,
 Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
 Causes of things, and secret seeds inclose,
 Which rip'ning there shall one day gain a birth, 35
 And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
 To him they give to rule the spacious light,
 And bound the yet unparted day and night,
 To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
 To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.
 Duration of dominion and of pow'r 40
 To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
 This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
 But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;

For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
 (How good foe'er and grateful in his sight) 43
 He must again to native earth restore,
 And all his race with iron teeth devour:
 Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
 But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was flung, 50
 Or pois'd amid the skies in ballance hung;
 Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,
 Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
 Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
 Or Fate the many-twisted web to spin, 55
 When all the heav'nly host assembled came
 To view the world yet resting on its frame;
 Eager they press to see the Sire dismiss
 And roll the globe along the vast abyss.

When deep-revolving thoughts the God retain, 60
 Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,
 Once more his eyes on Time intente look,
 Again inspect Fate's universal book;
 Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
 And present views the deeds of future days. 65

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
 Where Nature's bloom presents the Golden Age:
 The golden leaf to Silver soon resigns,
 And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines:
 Of baser Brass, the next denotes the times, 70
 An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes:

The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an Iron race.

He turns the book, and every page reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
The first of men, and Lords of Earth design'd,

Who under him should govern human-kind;
Of future heroes there the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent and godlike deeds,
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;

When, lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,

And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,

The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste;

Together all in common ruins lie,

And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.

Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,

To see great actions in oblivion drown'd,

And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate

Had no reserve to spare the good and great.

Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,

And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;

But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,

And all her boasted pile a ruin made;

Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,

But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.

The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,

And first and second Cæsar, godlike great.

Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
 And rising heroes still the search attend;
 Proceeding thus he many empires past;
 When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
 And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed;
 For rolling years her happy fortunes smile,
 And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
 To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
 And wields the trident of the stormy main.
 Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
 While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,
 And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face;
 The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
 And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
 Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
 Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
 She feels the change; and deep regrets the shame
 Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name;
 Conscious, she seeks from day to shroud her head,
 And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
 In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose;
 Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
 And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
 Which kindling day restores the darken'd skies;

And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
 And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
 Along the foamy main the billows bear
 The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
 Hail, happy Omen! hail, auspicious Sight!
 Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light;
 For see! a prince, whom dazling arms' array,
 Pursuing closely ploughs the wat'ry way,
 Tracing the glory thro' the flaming sea.

Britannia! rise; awake, O fairest Isle!
 From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
 Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
 Whose reign renews the former Age of Gold.
 The Fates at length the blissful web have spun,
 And bid it round in endless circles run:
 Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,
 Again the watry world thy rule obey;
 Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
 And win in foreign fields a deathless name;
 For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
 And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
 Already, see! the hostile troops retreat,
 And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate;
 Already routed foes his fury feel,
 And fly the force of his unerring steel.
 The haughty Gaul, who well till now might boast
 A matchless sword and unresisted host,

At his foremost approach the field forsakes, 163
 His cities tremble and his empire shakes :
 His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
 And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main,
 A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
 Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war, 165
 Till William's stronger genius fear'd above,
 And down the skies the daring tempest drove,
 So from the radiant sun retires the night,
 And western clouds shot thro' with orient light,
 So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey, 167
 To all the warring winds at once gave way,
 The frantic brethren ravag'd all around,
 And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound;
 Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
 The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep ; 170
 But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
 His trident shakes, and shows his awful head,
 The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
 And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape wears, 175
 Where heav'n serene, and air unmov'd, appears ;
 The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
 And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes ;
 The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
 And soft and still the silver surface glides ; 180
 The zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze
 With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees ;

The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
 In wanton measures wing their airy flight :
 Above the floods the finny race repair,
 And bound aloft, and bask in upper air ;
 They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
 And scorn to skim the level of the streams :
 Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
 And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace. 180

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
 But cheerfully manures the grateful soil ;
 Secure, the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
 And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
 Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
 Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,
 Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
 Enough with native wealth and plenty blest. 190

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
 Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms ;
 No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
 Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn ;
 No more the widows' shrieks and orphans' cries
 Torment the patient air and pierce the skies ;
 But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
 And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.
 And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
 And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle,
 By whose illustrious deeds her leaders fir'd,
 Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd, 210

With equal sway will Virtue's laws maintain;
 And, good as great, in awful peace shall reign;
 For his example still the rule shall give,
 And those it taught to conquer teach to live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
 Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
 The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
 Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
 Th' Eternal paus'd—

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
 Enough he saw besides the coming store:
 Enough the hero had already done,
 And round the wide extent of glory run,
 Nor further now the shining path pursues,
 But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless Fates on him have pow'r?
 Or Time unequally such worth devour?
 Then wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
 Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest,
 Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
 And deathless fame, the due reward, requires?
 Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
 Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
 And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
 He thought, nor doubted once again to chuse,
 But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.

Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
 On whose creation infant Nature smil'd :
 Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
 And youth perpetual in her face appears.
 Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
 With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
 And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd,
 Nor did the Sire himself his joy disguise,
 But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes :
 Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
 And thus the God the heav'nly fair bespoke.

" To thee, immortal Maid ! from this bless'd hour,
 " O'er time and fame I give unbounded pow'r.
 " Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save ;
 " Shalt raise, revive, immortalize, the brave.
 " To thee the Dardan prince shall owe his fame ;
 " To thee the Cæsars their eternal name.
 " Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
 " And long as time in sacred verse survives
 " And yet, O Muse ! remains the noblest theme ;
 " The first of men, mature for endless fame,
 " Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
 " Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise ;
 " On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise ;
 " Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies,
 " Thro' him thy songs shall more sublime aspire,
 " And he thro' them shall deathless fame acquire.

" Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose, 165

" Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows."

This said, no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host
Again impatient crowd the crystal coast,

The Father now within his spacious hands 169

Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands,

And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous sphere,

He launch'd the world to float in ambient air. 272

THE RECONCILIATION:

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Celia love pretended,

And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,

Where Damon long attended

Beyond the promis'd hour.

At length impatient growing

Of anxious expectation,

His heart with rage o'erflowing,

He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

" To all the sex deceitful

" A long and last adieu, 10

" Since women prove ungrateful

" As oft' as men prove true.

" The pains they cause are many,

" And long and hard to bear,

" The joys they give (if any) 15

" Few, short, and unsincere."

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now repenting
 Her breach of assignation,
 Attriv'd with eyes consenting,
 And sparkling inclination. 20
 Like Citherea smiling,
 She blush'd, and laid his passion;
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

"How engaging, how endearing, 25
 "Is a lover's pain and care!
 "And what joy the nymph's appearing
 "After absence or despair!
 "Women wise increase desiring,
 "By contriving kind delays, 30
 "And advancing or retiring,
 "All they mean is more to please." 32

THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love! said I,
 One dear blessing ere I die;
 Long I've borne excess of pain,
 Let me now some bliss obtain.

Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
 When angry, thus the god reply'd:

Blessings greater none can have,
 Art thou not Amynta's slave?
 Cease, fond Mortal! to implore,
 For Love, Love himself's no more.

ABSENCE.

Al! what pains, what racking thoughts, he proves,
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
 In cruel Absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
 And think on hours that will no more return.
 Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of Absence try;
 Save me from Absence, Love! or let me die.

AMORET.

I.

Fair Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue and seek her ev'ry lover;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdess discover.
 Coquette and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
 Careless she is, with artful care
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em,
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire;
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art;
A wise observer to engage
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush and rosy dye 5
 Time has her cheek bereft,
 Which makes the prudent nymph supply
 With paint th' injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
 And teeth, in good repair, 10
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size she is nor short nor tall,
 And does to fat incline
 No more than what the French would call 15
Aimable embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
 I leave—let it suffice
 She has few faults but what she knows,
 And can with skill disguise. 20

She many lovers has refus'd,
 With many more comply'd,
 Which like her clothes when little us'd,
 She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt 25
 On each affected creature,
 Whose nicety would seem exempt
 From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense
 Who want an inclination, 30
 And therefore never takes offence
 At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
 With so much sweet behaviour,
 That her refusal, thro' her skill,
 Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
 To those whom she rejects,
 She must be very fond, you'll guess,
 Of such whom she affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes
 All that her sex have done;
 She no regard for custom knows,
 Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
 Or, if you please, her will;
 For when this last is discontent,
 The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way;
 Whether by Nature taught
 I shall not undertake to say,
 Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown,
 And stare upon the strange man's face
 As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind;
 For to forget what we bestow
 Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,
 For all her favours done
 From her love flows, as light proceeds
 Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires
 Display their genial force,
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

A HYMN TO HARMONY.

IN HONOUR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCL.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

I.
O HARMONY! to thee we sing,
 To thee the grateful tribute bring
 Of sacred verse and sweet resounding lays,
 Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.
 All hail to thee
 All-pow'rful Harmony!
 Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
 Her wondrous works resigning to thy care;

The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
 And tuneful roll unerring in their way, 16
 Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

"All hail to thee

"All-pow'ful Harmony!"

III

Thy voice, O Harmony! with awful sound

'Could penetrate th' abyss profound, 15

Explore th' realms of ancient Night,

And search the living source of unborn light.

Confusion heard thy voice and fled,

And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

Then didst thou, Harmony! give birth 20

To this fair form of heav'n and earth;

Then all those shining worlds above

In mystic dance began to move

Around the radiant sphere of central fire,

A never-ceasing never-silent choir. 25

CHORUS.

"Confusion heard thy voice and fled,

"And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head."

III

Thou only, Goddess! first couldst tell

The mighty charms in Numbers sound,

And didst to heav'nly minds reveal 30

The secret force of tuneful sound.

When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,

Thou didst the god inspire;

When first the vocal shell he string,
 To which the Muses sang,
 Then first the Muses sung; melodious strains Apollo
 And music first begun by thy auspicious aid. [play'd,
 Hark, hark! again Urania sings;
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings;
 And see! the list'ning deities around
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound. 40

CHORUS.
 "Hark, hark! again Urania sings;
 "Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings;
 "And see! the list'ning deities around
 "Attend insatiate, and devour the sound." 45

IV.
 Descend, Urania! heav'nly fair!
 To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
 See how, with various woes oppress'd,
 The wretched race of men is worn;
 Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
 Or by conflicting passions torn.
 Reason in vain employs her aid,
 The furious Will on Fancy waits,
 While Reason, still by hopes or fears betray'd,
 Too late advances or too soon retreats 55
 Music alone with sudden charms can bind
 The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.
 "Music alone with sudden charms can bind
 "The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind."

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred Nine! 65
 Your instruments and voices join;
 Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
 In ev'ry breast inspire:
 Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
 And soft repose to restless thoughts impart. 69
 Appease the wrathful mind,
 To dire revenge and death inclin'd;
 With balmy sounds his boiling blood allwage,
 And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
 'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease, 73
 And all is hush'd, and all is peace:
 The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
 By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

" 'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
 " And all is hush'd, and all is peace: 77
 " The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
 " By music lull'd to pleasing rest."

VI.

Ah! sweet Repose, too soon expiring!
 Ah! foolish Man! new toils requiring!
 Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing, 80
 Wakes the world to war and ruin.
 See, see! the battle is prepar'd!
 Behold the hero comes!
 Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard,
 And hoarse-responding drums. 85

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of Peace destroys.

CHORUS. *See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,*

"War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
"The harmony of Peace destroys."

VII. *See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,*

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes, 90
Her parting lover mourn ;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no, never more, return. 95
O! sooth her cares

With softest sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest, 100
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

CHORUS. *Let victory and peace restore*

"Let victory and peace restore
"Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
"Within her folding arms to rest, 105
"Thence never to be parted more,
"No, never to be parted more."

VIII. *Enough, Urania! heav'nly fair!*

Enough, Urania! heav'nly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,

And rule again the starry sphere; 110

Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,

To ease the world of care.

Cecilia! more than all the Muses skill'd!

Phœbus himself to her must yield,

And at her feet lay down 115

His golden harp and laurel crown.

'The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

In the deep organ's more majestic sound.

In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,

Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies, 120

And, lasting as her name

Who form'd the tuneful frame,

Th' immortal music never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

" Cecilia! more than all the Muses skill'd!

" Phœbus himself to her must yield, 125

" And at her feet lay down

" His golden harp and laurel crown.

" 'The soft enervate lyre is drown'd

" In the deep organ's more majestic sound.

" In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies, 130

" Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,

" And, lasting as her name

" Who form'd the tuneful frame,

" Th' immortal music never dies." 134

Occasioned on a

LADY'S

Having writ

VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM

which was written in praise of another lady.

HARD is the task, and bold th' advent'rous flight,
 Of him who dares in praise of Beauty write,
 For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
 'Tis to detract too poorly to commend:
 And he who, praising Beauty, does no wrong,
 May boast to be successful in his song;
 But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
 And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
 His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
 Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd. 10

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE, LADY GETHIN,

Occasioned by reading her Book, entitled

RELIQUIE GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life, in study spent,
 The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;

And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live:
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this Book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years,
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach 15
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise
When having read the Work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose 20
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude, 25
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear. 30

Whether around the throne eternal hymns
 She sings, amid the choir of seraphims,
 Or some refulgent star informs and guides,
 Where she, the bless'd intelligence, presides,
 Is not for us to know who here remain, 35
 For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain;
 And all we ought or can, in this dark state,
 Is what we have admir'd to imitate. 38

EPIGRAM

Written after the decease of

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT,

under her picture drawn playing on a lute.

W^{ERE} there on earth another voice like thine,
 Another hand so bless'd with skill divine,
 The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
 And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGTON OF STANTON HAR-
 COURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

T^{HIS} peaceful tomb does now contain
 Father and son, together laid,
 Whose living virtues shall remain
 When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man should be, to ripeness grown,
 And faith'd worth should do or shun,
 At full was in the father shown,
 What youth could promise in the son.

HORACE. L. I. ODE IX.

But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd
 The perfect fruit and op'ning bud;
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

IMITATIONS.

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE IX.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me! 'tis cold; how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But see (big with the offspring of the North)
The teeming clouds bring forth;
A show'r of soft and fleecy rain 5
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And, lo! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees 10
In hoary flakes which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky!
Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow. 15

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a disease thro' all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair: 20

Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
 Let's drink till our own faces shine,
 Till we like suns appear
 To light and warm the hemisphere.
 Wine can dispense to all both light and heat, 25
 They are with wine incorporate;
 That pow'ful juice, with which no cold darts mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix,
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow; 30
 'Tis Heav'n's concern; and let it be
 The care of Heav'n still for me;
 These winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding nod appease. 35

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
 That is not ours which is to come;
 The present moment's all our store;
 The next should Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more: 40
 So all our life is but one instant now.
 Look on each day you've past
 To be a mighty treasure won,
 And lay each moment out in haste;
 We're sure to live too fast, 45
 And cannot live too soon.

Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly.
The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,
In Winter's cold embraces die. 50

IV.
Now Love, that everlasting boy! invites
To revel while you may in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet, 55
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet:
To gloomy groves and obscure shades she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes:
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart, 60
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're rude,
Then from her ravisher she flies, 65
But flies to be pursu'd:
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way. 69

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.*

I.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
 This pious artifice:
 Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy
 One moment tow'rd eternity.
 Eternity! that boundless race
 Which Time himself can never run,
 (Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace)
 Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,
 Is still the same, and still to be begun.
 Fix'd are those limits which prescribe 10
 A short extent to the most lasting breath;
 And tho' thou couldst for sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other lives to save thy own,
 'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
 One supernumerary gasp from Death. 15

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
 Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;
 Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
 Where piety itself can nought avail.

The rich, the great, the innocent, and just, 20
 Must all be huddled to the grave
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms, 25
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge to extend his days:
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions and regret to die, 30
 From the contagion of mortality
 No clime is pure, no air is free;
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend, 35
 (The very hour thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid brings on thy end)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life,
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb, 40
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost;
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcase of its lord. 45
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bow'rs,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,

Nought shalt thou save,
 Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have;
 To wither with thee in the grave: 50
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir
 A joyful mourning wear,
 And riot in the waste of that estate 55
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get:
 All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
 And set at large thy captive gold.
 That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
 To vaults and prisons, shall again be free; 60
 Bury'd alive tho' now it lies,
 Again shall rise,
 Again its sparkling surface show,
 And free as element profusely flow.
 With such high food he shall set forth his feasts, 65
 That Cardinals shall wish to be his guests,
 And pamper'd prelates see
 Themselves out-done in luxury. 68

M

TRANSLATIONS.

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION

TO

ACHILLES

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of Homer, 'Ιλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this line,

"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν, "Ὀλύμπῳ
'Ερμείας: —

The Argument Introductory.

HECTOR'S body, (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles, for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent, and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by no body but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot, unobserved, through the guards, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

So spake the god, and heav'nward took his flight.

When Priam from his chariot did alight,

Leaving Idæus there, alone he went,

With solemn pace into Achilles' tent.

Hec'dless he pass'd thro' various rooms of state, 5

Until approaching where the hero fate;

There at a feast the good old Priam found
 Jove's best belov'd, with all his chiefs around:
 Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,
 Automedon and Alcymus; the rest
 At greater distance greater state exprest

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu'd,
 And first of all was by Achilles view'd:
 About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
 And agonizing grasp'd, and held 'em fast;
 Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em close;
 Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
 Those hands, whose nnrelenting force had cost
 Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But as a wretch who has a murder done,
 And seeking refuge does from justice run,
 Ent'ring some house in haste, where he's unknown,
 Creates amazement in the lookers-on;
 So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd to see
 The godlike Priam's royal misery.
 All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise:
 And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes,
 Till he at length the solemn silence broke,
 And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

"Divine Achilles! at your feet behold
 "A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old:
 "Think on your father, and then look on me,
 "His hoary age and helpless person see;

My name is Mij.

" So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
 " Such and so many his declining years. 33
 " Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
 " Could you imagine such his misery!
 " Yet it may come when he shall be oppress'd,
 " And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste;
 " Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'ful foe,
 " Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,
 " Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
 " And seek protection where no help is nigh.
 " In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
 " And wish in vain for your delay'd return: 45
 " Yet that he hears you live is some relief;
 " Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief:
 " It glads his soul to think he once may see
 " His much-lov'd son: would that were granted me!
 " But I, most wretched I! of all bereft! 50
 " Of all my worthy sons how few are left!
 " Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
 " When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast;
 " Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
 " Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb. 55
 " Merciless War this devastation wrought,
 " And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
 " Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
 " My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
 " Hector! my darling, and my last defence, 60
 " Whose life alone their deaths could recompense;

" And to complete my store of countless woe,
 " Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too!
 " For his sake only hither am I come;
 " Rich gifts I bring, and wealth an endless sum, 65
 " All to redeem that fatal prize you won;
 " A worthless ransom for so brave a son.

" Fear the just gods, Achilles, and on me
 " With pity look; think you your father see:
 " Such as I am he is, alone in this, 70
 " I can no equal have in miseries;
 " Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
 " Bow'd with such weight as never has been borne;
 " Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
 " The spring and source of all my sorrows come; 75
 " With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
 " And kiss those hands which have my children slain."

He spake: ~~————~~

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
 Priam he views, and for his father fears; 80
 That and compassion melt him into tears.
 Then gently with his hand he put away
 Old Priam's face, but he still prostrate lay,
 And there with tears and sighs afresh begun
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son. 85
 But passion, different ways Achilles turns;
 Now he Patroclus, now his father, mourns:
 Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
 Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face. 89

THE LAMENTATIONS

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

*Translated from the Greek of Homer, Ἰκιδάδ. ω.**Beginning at this line,**Ἦώς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἰκιδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.**Connexion of this with the former translation.*

PRIAM, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents, then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

Now did the saffron-Morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day,
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had burn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe:
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence she afar the sad procession spies,

Her father and Idæus first appear,
 Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier,
 At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
 And thus lamenting thro' the streets she ran:
 "Hither, ye wretched Trojans! hither all;
 "Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
 "If e'er you went with joy to see him come
 "Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,
 "Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
 "What once was all your joy now all your misery!"

She spake, and straight the num'rous crowd obey'd,
 Nor man nor woman in the city stay'd;
 Common consent of grief had made 'em one;
 With clam'rous moan to Scæas gate they ran,
 There the lov'd body of their Hector met,
 Which they with loud and fresh lamentings greet.
 His rev'rend mother and his tender wife,
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
 Aloud they beat their breasts and tore their hair,
 Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now had the throng of people stopp'd the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day,
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake;
 "Trojans! enough; truce with your sorrows make;

" Give way to me, and yield the chariot room ;
 " First let me bear my Hector's body home,
 " Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
 Yielding like waves of a divided sea. 40

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid,
 With care, the body on a sumptuous bed,
 And round about were skilful singers plac'd,
 Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
 Their moan ; all in a chorus did agree 45
 Of universal, mournful harmony :
 When first Andromache her passion broke,
 And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

" O my lost Husband ! let me ever mourn
 " Thy early fate and too untimely urn ; 50
 " In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
 " And thou in ashes must with them be laid.
 " Why is my heart thus miserably torn ?
 " Why am I thus distress'd ? why thus forlorn ?
 " Am I that wretched thing a widow left ? 55
 " Why do I live who am of thee bereft ?
 " Yet I were blest 'd were I alone undone ;
 " Alas ! my Child ! where can an infant run ?
 " Unhappy Orphan ! thou in woes art nurs'd ;
 " Why were you born ?—I am with blessings curs'd !
 " For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown, 61
 " Wide Desolation will lay waste this town.

- " Who is there now that can protection give,
 " Since he who was her strength no more doth live ?
 " Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care ? 65
 " Who save her children from the rage of war ?
 " For he to all father and husband was,
 " And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
 " Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,
 " And bear us captives to their distant home ; 70
 " I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
 " And all alike be pris'ners of the war :
 " 'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
 " And be to some inhuman lord a slave ;
 " Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd, 75
 " Or for an only son or father kill'd
 " By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 " And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage ;
 " For many fell by his relentless hand,
 " Biting that ground which with their blood was stain'd.
 " Fierce was thy father (O my Child !) in war, 81
 " And never did his foe in battle spare ;
 " Thence come these sufferings which so much have
 " Much woe to all, but sure to me the most. [cost,
 " I saw him not when in the pangs of death, 85
 " Nor did my lips receive his latest breath.
 " Why held he not to me his dying hand ?
 " And why receiv'd not I his last command ?
 " Something he would have said, had I been there,
 " Which I should still in sad remembrance bear ; 90

" For I could never, never, words forget,
 " Which night and day I should with tears repeat."
 She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
 A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.

Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd 95
 With boiling passions in her aged breast,
 Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
 A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

" Hector! my joy, and to my soul more dear
 " Than all my other num'rous issue were; 100
 " O my last comfort! and my best belov'd!
 " Thou at whose fall even Jove himself was mov'd,
 " And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
 " So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar care!
 " From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed;
 " So kind a fate was for none else decreed: 106
 " My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
 " Were sold like slaves, and shipp'd to foreign lands;
 " Thou, too, wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
 " And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
 " His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain; }
 " And yet that cruelty was urg'd in vain, 112 }
 " Since all could not restore his life again.
 " Now fresh and glowing even in death thou art,
 " And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart." 115

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Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
 And universal moan again was made;
 When Helen's lamentation her's supply'd,
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

" O Hector! thou wert rooted in my heart, 120
 " No brother there had half so large a part.
 " Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er
 " Since first I landed on the Trojan shore,
 " Since I with godlike Paris fled from home,
 " (Would I had dy'd before that day had come!) 125
 " In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
 " I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
 " Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
 " Which I too often have from others borne:
 " But you from their reproach still set me free, 130
 " And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
 " If by my sisters or the queen revil'd,
 " (For the good king, like you, was ever mild) }
 " Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd. }
 " Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan, 135
 " Who had no friend alive but you alone:
 " All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
 " And fly with horror from my hated face."
 This said, she wept, and the vast throng was mov'd,
 And with a gen'ral sigh her grief approv'd: 140
 When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
 Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud.

" Cease your lamentings, Trojans! for a while,
 " And fell down trees to build a fun'ral pile;
 " Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid, 145
 " For with Achilles twelve days' truce I made."

He spake, and all obey'd as with one mind;
 Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
 Forth from the city all the people went,
 And nine days' space was in that labour spent; 150
 The tenth a most stupendous pile they made,
 And on the top the manly Hector laid,
 Then gave it fire; while all with weeping eyes
 Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.
 All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd; 155
 But when the rosy Morn with day return'd,
 About the pile the thronging people came,
 And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
 His brothers then, and friends, search'd every where,
 And gath'ring up his snowy bones with care, 160
 Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
 Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
 In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
 Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd,
 Mean time strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
 To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprises. 166
 The work once ended, all the vast resort
 Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
 There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
 Ending the fun'ral with a solemn feast. 170

HOMER'S
HYMN TO VENUS;

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

TO THE READER

OF THE ENSUING HYMN.

OF the three greater hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to ancient customs and history, which, without a commentary, could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determined me to acquiesce in the translation of this Hymn, tho' I had once entertained thoughts of turning them all three into English verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleasure, I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the censures of some grammarians, who have denied, or at least doubted, them to be genuine.

A poem which is good in itself cannot really lose any thing of its value, tho' it should appear, upon a strict inquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author as him to whom it was first imputed: but all

truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least importance there is a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Tho' the beauties of this ensuing poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty name stand in need of their reputation, yet if they are his, it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to any other; and it is a hardship to them to deprive them of the authority due to them, and to leave them to make their way thro' bad judgments purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the inquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these Hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy from the beginning of it the beginning of his own admirable poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been supposed to have been written by one Cynæthos of Chios, who was a famous repeater of Homer's verses*. To obviate

* After the decease of Homer, there were such persons who made a profession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descendants or successors, (for they became a sect) the entire poems of Homer, in after-times, were collected and put in order. These were called *Homerists*, or *Homerides*; of whom see *Asiatick Res.* L. 13, c. 14. *Athena.* L. 1. 5. 14. *Strabo.* L. 14. *Pindar Nem.* ed. Gell. *Rodig.* L. 7 c. 29.

which supposition we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides, in the third book of his History, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score verses, Thucydides observes, that in those verses Homer has made mention of himself: hence it is beyond question Thucydides believed, or rather was assured, it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within four hundred years of Homer *, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power, and wisdom, as our author. The learned Casaubon, in his comment on a passage in the first book of Strabo †, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites, as authority against him, part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the afore-mentioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what country he was. In one of the verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself "The blind man of rocky Chios ‡." Casaubon's note is as follows: *In*

* Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strab. lib. i. p. 30.

‡ The original says—"The blind man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall be in highest esteem to all posterity:" which indeed only proves that he dwelt there, not that he was born there.

*Hymno Apollonis quem ego cur debeamus aditæv contra
 auctoritatem Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video:
 in eo inquam hymno, hæc de se. Homerus, &c.*

Now, whether it be more reasonable, by the exam-
 ple of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give credit
 to the authority of Thucydides, the most grave, wise,
 faithful, and consummate historian that ever wrote,
 or to give into the scruples, conjectures, and sugges-
 tions of scholiasts and grammarians, I leave to the
 determination of each impartial reader.

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS

SING, Muse! the force and all-informing fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire;
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the stubborn rage of men to love;
The wilder herds and ravenous beasts obey;
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway;
Thir' pathless air and boundless ocean's space
She rules, the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole Nature, on her sole support depends,
And far as life exists her care extends.

Of all the num'rous host of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love;
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
A virgin unbeguill'd by Cupid's art;
In shining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenceful
She first taught modest maids in early bloom
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies;
She loves with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the Morn;

To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear, [deer :
 To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the woodland
 Sometimes of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
 And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads; 30
 And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
 And loves society where Virtue reigns.
 The third celestial pow'r averse to love
 Is Virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove,
 Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd,
 And both, with fruitless labour long pursu'd; 36
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
 And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
 A virgin life inviolate to lead;
 She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head. 40
 But since, her rigid choice the joys deny'd
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd.
 High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice; 45
 For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,
 And on her altar first-fruit offerings laid;
 So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.
 These are the pow'rs above, and only these,
 Whom love and Cytherea's arts displease: 50
 Of other beings none in earth or skies
 Her force resists or influence denies.
 With ease her charms the Thunderer can bind,
 And captivate with love th' almighty Mind :

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Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey, 53
 Submits to her, and owns superior sway;
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
 He oft descends his creatures to adore;
 While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
 Some well-dissembled shape the god believes, 60
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
 And beauty first among th' ethereal race;
 Whom all transcending in superior worth,
 Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth,
 And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd, 65
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,
 The laughing Queen herself with love inspir'd;
 Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man, 70
 That she, like other deities, might prove
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love,
 And not insultingly the gods deride,
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
 Thus Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn, 75
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed,
 Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen, 80
 To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
 Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.

Soon as arriv'd she to her shrine repair'd,
 Where ent'ring quick, the shining gates she barr'd;
 The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
 And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
 Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
 And all adown ambrosial odour sheds:
 Last in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;
 And thus attir'd her chariot she ascends,
 And Cyprus left, her sight to Troy she bends;
 On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat,
 Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat;
 And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
 Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood,
 Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
 And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet:
 Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
 And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight;
 For ev'ry glance she gives soft fire imparts,
 Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
 Inflam'd with love all single out their mates,
 And to their shady dens each pair retreats.
 Mean time the tent she spies so much desir'd,
 Where her Anchises was alone retir'd,
 Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-swains,
 Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains;
 In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
 Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.

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Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
 In form and dress a huntress of the wood;
 For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd;
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
 To see a nymph so bright and so attir'd;
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd;
 Her hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast;
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
 A thrilling joy he felt and pleasing pain;
 At length he spake—"All hail, celestial Fair!
 "Who humbly dost to visit earth repair!
 "Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
 "Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,
 "All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid;
 "Or art thou Themis? or the Blue-ey'd maid?
 "Or art thou fairest of the Graces three,
 "Who with the gods share immortality?
 "Or else some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 "These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?

* Themis, the goddess of equity and right.
 † Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

" Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field
 " I to thy honour will an altar build,
 " Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare; 140
 " O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r!
 " Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
 " A patriot worthy of my country's love;
 " Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
 " Bless'd in my children and posterity; 145
 " Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
 " And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
 He said. — Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd.
 " Delight of human-kind, thy sex's pride!
 " Honour'd Anchises! you behold in me 150
 " No goddess bless'd with immortality;
 " But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
 " Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
 " Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
 " And all her towns and fortresses commands. 155
 " When yet an infant I to Troy was brought;
 " There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
 " Then wonder not if, thus instructed young,
 " I like my own can speak the Trojan tongues 160
 " In me one of Diana's nymphs behold;
 " Why thus arriv'd I shall the cause unfold.
 " As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
 " I and my fellow nymphs of Cynthia's train,
 " Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
 " And by admiring crowds encompass'd round; 165

"Let hovering o'er my head, I saw the god 170
 "Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod; 171
 "Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
 "Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight. 172
 "O'er many states and peopled towns we past 173
 "O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deserts waste in A 174
 "O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens, 175
 "And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens:
 "Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
 "We stopt not once the face of earth to touch. 176
 "Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled, 177
 "That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed, 178
 "And with illustrious offspring bless his bed. 179
 "This said, and pointing to me your abode, 180
 "To heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god. 181
 "Thus of necessity to you I come, 182
 "Unknown, and lost, far from my native home. 183
 "But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove, 184
 "By all that's dear to you, by all you love, 185
 "By your good parents, (for no bad could e'er 186
 "Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair) 187
 "That you no wiles employ to win my heart, 188
 "But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart; 189
 "Inviolate and guiltless of your bed, 190
 "Let me be to your house and mother led: 191
 "Me to your father and your brothers show, 192
 "And our alliance first let them allow: 193
 "Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
 "And no unequal match I may be found.

" Equality to them my birth may claim, 195
 " Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
 " Tho' for your wife of too inferior fame.
 " Next let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
 " To tell my father of my fortunes past,
 " And ease my mother in that anxious state, 200
 " Of doubts and fears which cares for me create.
 " They in return shall presents bring from thence
 " Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense:
 " You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
 " In price and beauty far above the rest. 205
 " This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
 " Grateful to men below and gods above."
 She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
 Which to his heart insinuate desires:
 Resilient love invading thus his breast, 210
 The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.
 " Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
 " And Otreus you report your father's name,
 " And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
 " To execute the dread commands of Jove, 215
 " Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
 " A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead;
 " Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
 " One minute to defer the happy hour;
 " This instant will I seize upon thy charms, 220
 " Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms;

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"Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart;
 "Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
 "Tho' death, tho' hell, in consequence attend,
 "Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend." 223

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand;
 The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand,
 But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
 Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
 And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
 Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
 Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil,
 And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
 And he with eager haste disrobes the fair,
 Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside,
 Her bracelets next, and braided hair, untied;
 And now his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
 Which girt her radiant robe around her waist;
 Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown,
 Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The Queen of Love the youth thus disarm'd,
 And on a chair of gold her vestments laid;
 Anchises now, (so Jove and Fate ordain'd)
 The sweet extreme of ecstasy attain'd;
 And mortal he was like th'immortals blest;
 Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had }
 And from the flow'ry field returning led [fed, }
 Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed, 250 }
 In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound
 The wary goddesses her Anchises bound;
 Then gently rising from his side and bed,
 In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears, 255
 Nor more a mortal, but herself, appears:
 Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
 Confess'd the goddess, Love's and Beauty's queen.

Then thus aloud she calls. "Anchises! wake;
 "Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake; 260
 "Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came;
 "Behold me well—say if I seem the same."

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
 And starting from his bed Anchises woke;
 But when he Venus view'd without disguise, 265
 Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes,
 Aw'd and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
 Attempting with his robe his face to hide:
 Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
 In winged words he thus the Queen address'd, 270
 "When first, O Goddess! I thy form beheld,
 "Whose charms so far humanity excell'd,
 "To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
 "And with humility implor'd thy aid;

" But thou, for secret cause to me unknown, 275
 " Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
 " But now I beg thee, by the filial love
 " Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
 " Compassion on my human state to show,
 " Nor let me lead a life infirm below; 280
 " Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
 " Nor let me share of men the common fate;
 " Since never man with length of days was blest'd
 " Who in delights of love a deity possess'd."
 To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd; 285
 " Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
 " Nor me nor other god thou need'st to fear,
 " For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
 " Know from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,
 " Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign; 290
 " From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
 " And whose posterity shall know no end;
 " To him thou shalt the name Æneas* give,
 " As one for whose conception I must grieve,
 " Oft' as I think he to exist began 295
 " From my conjunction with a mortal man.

* Æneas, signifying one who causeth grief. By this passage it should seem as if the etymologists had erred, who, as he was the hero of Virgil's epic poem, have derived his name from *αἶνεω*, to extol, or praise; it appearing here expressly to be derived from *ἀνία*, grief, or *ἀνῶς*, to afflict with grief.

" But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
 " To a superior race of men gives birth,
 " Producing heroes of th' ethereal kind,
 " And next resembling gods in form and mind. 300
 " From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
 " To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede,
 " Where by th' immortals honour'd, (strange to see!)
 " The youth enjoys a bless'd eternity:
 " In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours, 305
 " And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
 " Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
 " Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne,
 " Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
 " Dispatch'd Argicides * to his relief; 310
 " And more with gifts to pacify his mind,
 " He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
 " Whose feet outstripp'd in speed the rapid wind; }
 " Charging withal swift Horses to relate
 " The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state, 315
 " Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
 " Which age can ne'er decay nor death destroy.
 " Now when this embassy the king receives,
 " No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
 " The pleasing news his aged heart revives, 320
 " And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.
 * The slayer of Argus. Mercury, so called, from having
 slain Argus.

" But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
 " Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
 " (Tithonus, too, was of the Trojan line,
 " Resembling gods in face and form divine)
 " For him she straight the Thunderer address'd,
 " That with perpetual life he might be blest;
 " Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
 " But, ah! how rash was she! how indiscreet!
 " The most material blessing to omit;
 " Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide
 " That length of days might be with strength sup-
 " And to her lover's endless life engage [ply'd,
 " An endless youth, incapable of age.
 " But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair,
 " In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of Air:
 " Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
 " Is by Aurora with delight carefs'd;
 " Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
 " Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides.
 " But when the saw-gray hairs begin to spread,
 " Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 " The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 " His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
 " Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
 " And food ambrosial and rich clothes bestow'd;
 " But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 " And ev'ry nerve was shrunk and limb was lame,

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- " Look'd in a room her useless spouse she left;
 " Of youth, of vigour, and of voice; heretofore, 355
 " On terms like these I never can desire;
 " Thou should'st to immortality aspire.
 " Couldst thou, indeed, as now thou art remain;
 " Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth, retain;
 " Couldst thou for ever thus my husband prove,
 " I might live happy in thy endless love, 356
 " Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day
 " When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay:
 " But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
 " Beneath the woes which painful age attend, 360
 " Inexorable age! whose wretched state
 " All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
 " Now know I also must my portion share,
 " And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear:
 " For I, who heretofore in chains of love 365
 " Could captivate the minds of gods above,
 " And force 'em by my all-subduing charms
 " To sigh and languish in a woman's arms,
 " Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 " Nor tax with weakness the celestial host, 370
 " Since I myself this dear amends have made,
 " And am at last by my own arts betray'd.
 " Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
 " This hour by thee I have a son conceiv'd,
 " Whom hid beneath my zone I must conceal, 375
 " Till time his being and my shame reveal.

* Titibonus was feigned at length to have been turn'd into a grasshopper.

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"Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods adorn,
 "In their deep bosoms nurse as soon as born;
 "They nor of mortal nor immortal feed
 "Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed, 380
 "And long they live", and oft' in chorus join
 "With gods and goddesses in dance divine.
 "These the Silent court; these Hermes loves,
 "And their embraces seek in shady groves.

* Of wood-nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamadryades; the Dryades presided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-lived. Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the complete life of a man at ninety-six years; a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees: therefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees. The Scholiast, upon a passage mentioning these nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut.* l. 2. relates the following story, cited from Charon Lampfacenus. "A young man, called Ræcus, observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth, ordered it to be supported, and took such effectual care, that he re-established it again to flourish in its place. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleased. The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, which she as readily promised, and, according to agreement, sent a bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy; but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him. This reception of her ambassador so enraged the nymph, that in revenge she rendered him impotent." This story is also cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 8. of the fate of Erichthion for cutting down one of these animated trees.

† The Satyrs, when they were in years, were called Sileni, as Pausanias reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

" Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce 385
 " From common parent Earth's prolific juice :
 " With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 " Or ample-spreading oaks, at once they grow ;
 " All have their trees allotted to their care,
 " Whose growth, duration, and decrease, they share.
 " But holy are these groves by mortals held, 391
 " And therefore by the axe are never fell'd ;
 " But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 " It first appears to droop, and then grows dry ;
 " The bark to crack and perill next is seen, 395
 " And last the boughs it sheds no longer green :
 " And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 " And live and die coeval with their trees.
 " These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 " Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son, 400
 " And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,
 " To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.
 " More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 " I will again to visit thee descend,
 " Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight, 405
 " Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight :
 " Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 " And will that with him thou to Troy repair ;
 " There if inquiry shall be made, to know
 " To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe,
 " Be sure thou nothing of the truth detect, 411
 " But ready answer make as I direct :

" Say of a Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 " And Calycopis call his mother's name :
 " For shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
 " That thou in bliss hadst Cythera known, 416
 " Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
 " And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
 " Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n;
 " Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n." 420
 She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.
 All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee first I praise,
 Then to some other pow'r transfer my lays, 425

OVID'S ART OF LOVE. BOOK III.

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE.

*Wherein he recommends rules and instructions to the fair
sex in the conduct of their amours, after having already
composed two books for the use of men upon the same
subject.*

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare,
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show
Unequal force against a naked foe :
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But some exclaim, What frenzy rules your mind ?
Would you increase the craft of woman-kind ?
Teach them new wiles and arts ! as well you may
Instruct a snake to bite or wolf to prey.
But sure too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine first impartially each fair,
Then as she merits or condemn or spare.
If Menelaus and the king of men
With justice of their sister-wives complain ;

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If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
 And for reward procur'd her husband's death,
 Penelope was loyal still and chaste,
 Tho' twenty years her lord in absence past.
 Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
 Who, tho' in bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
 To share her husband's fate untimely dy'd.
 Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
 "Receive me, Capaneus!" Evadne cry'd,
 "Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide;
 "To join thy ashes pleas'd I shall expire."
 She said, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
 Virtue herself a goddess we confess,
 Both female in her name and in her dress;
 No wonder, then, if to her sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with care a female mind.
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach
 Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.
 My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
 A little wind will fill a little sail.
 Of sportful loves I sing, and shew what ways
 The willing nymph must use her blifs to raise,
 And how to captivate the man she'd please.
 Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
 Apt to receive, and to retain Love's darts.
 Man has a breast robust, and more secure;
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.

Men oft' are false; and if you search with care,
 You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
 The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
 And made Creusa partner of his bed.
 Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
 Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus! did deplore.
 If then the wild inhabitants of air
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear;
 It was not owing, Theseus! to thy care;
 Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell
 Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell:
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
 She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea;
 Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
 And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.
 The prince so far for piety renown'd,
 To thee, Eliza! was unfaithful found;
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,
 His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
 Ye ruin'd Nymphs! shall I the cause impart
 Of all your woes? 'twas want of needful art.
 Love of itself too quickly will expire,
 But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
 Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
 Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
 And thus she said: "What have poor women done?"

" Why is that weak defenceless sex expos'd,
 " On ev'ry side by men well-arm'd enclos'd?
 " Twice are the men instructed by thy Muse,
 " Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
 " The bard who injur'd Helen in his song
 " Recanted after, and address'd the wrong.
 " And you, if on my favour you depend,
 " The cause of women while you live defend."
 This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
 She gave me, (for a myrtle wreath she wore)
 The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
 And from her presence inspiration drew.
 Attend, ye Nymphs! by wedlock unconfin'd,
 And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
 Ev'n now, in bloom of youth and beauty's prime,
 Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
 Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
 Enjoy the seasonable sweet delight,
 For rolling years, like scaling waters, glide,
 Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
 Think not hereafter will the loss repay,
 For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
 And leave less relish than the former day.
 I've seen the time when on that wither'd thorn
 The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn;
 With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
 And see how leafless now, and how decay'd

And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
 Will prove in age what pains attend neglect;
 None then will press upon your midnight hours,
 Nor wake to strew your street with morning flow'rs:
 Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
 Whose noiseless hammer then may rust in peace.
 Alas! how soon a clear complexion fades!
 How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!
 And what avails it, tho' the fair one swears
 She from her infancy had some gray hairs?
 She grows all hoary in a few more years,
 And then the venerable truth appears.
 The snake his skin, the deer his horns, may cast,
 And both renew their youth and vigour past;
 But no receipt can human kind relieve,
 Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
 Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
 And which ungather'd on its stalk must die.
 Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
 And frequent births too soon will youth impair:
 Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
 And earth itself decays too often, till'd.
 Thou didst not, Cynthia! scorn the Latmian swain,
 Nor thou, Aurora! Cephalus disdain;
 The Paphian Queen, who for Adonis' fate
 So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
 Has not been found inexorable since,
 Witness Harmonia and the Dardan prince.

Then take example, Mortals! from above,
 And like immortals live; and like 'em love;
 Refuse not those delights which men require;
 Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
 False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
 Tho' constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,
 What you employ no diminution fears.
 Who would to light a torch their torch deny?
 Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
 Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain:
 What do they lose that's worthy to retain?
 Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
 But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail;
 Now launch'd to sea we ask a brisker gale.
 And first we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
 Produces plumpest grapes and richest wine;
 And plenteous crops of golden grain are found
 Alone to grace well-cultivated ground.
 Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!
 Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
 Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
 May quickly fade for want of needful care.
 In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
 Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
 If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
 A soldier's wife became it well enough.

Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
 Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides;
 And might not head'ye think, betwixt caress'd,
 And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd? 166
 With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt,
 This Capitol with that of old compare,
 Some other Jove you'd think was worshipp'd there.
 That lofty pile, where Senates dictate law, 169
 When Tati'us reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw;
 And where Apollo's fanè refulgent stands,
 Was heretofore a tract of pasture-lands.
 Let ancient manners other men delight;
 But me the modern please, as more polite: 172
 Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
 And distant shores for orient pearls are sought;
 Nor for that hills exhaust their marble veins,
 And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
 But that the world is civiliz'd of late, 175
 And polish'd from the rust of former date.
 Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
 Nor in embroid'ry or brocade appear;
 Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
 And cleanliness more animate love's fire. 180
 The hair dispos'd may gain or lose a grace,
 And much become, or misbecome, the face.
 What suits your features of your glass inquire,
 For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.

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A face too long should part and flat the hair, 185
 Lest upward comb'd the length too much appear:
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
 Should show the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
 On either shoulder one her locks displays,
 Adorn'd like Phœbus when he sings his lays: 190
 Another all her tresses ties behind:
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
 Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some,
 Others the binding fillets more become.
 Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair, 195
 Others the loose and waving curl prefer.
 But to recount the several Dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
 The beasts on Alpine hills; or Hybla's bees. 200
 Many there are who seem to slight all care,
 And with a pleasant negligence ensnare;
 Whole mornings oft' in such a dress are spent,
 And all is art that looks like accident:
 With such disorder Iôle was grac'd 205
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd:
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
 The losses they sustain by various ways. 210
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
 Lost like autumnal leaves when north-winds rage.

Women with juice of herbs gray locks disguise, 214
 And Art gives colour which with Nature vyes, 215
 The well-wove tours they wear their own are thought;
 But only are their own as what they've bought: 216
 Nor need they blush to buy heads ready drest,
 And chuse at public shops what suits 'em best. 217

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye. 220
 What folly must in such expense appear,
 When more becoming colours are less dear? 221
 One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
 Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view; 222
 With yellow lustre see another spread,
 As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the thread. 223
 Some of the sea-green wave the cast display;
 With this the Naiads their bright forms array: 224
 And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
 Such is the mantle of the blushing Morn. 225
 Of myrtle berries one the tincture shows;
 In this of amethysts the purple glows, 226
 And that more imitates the paler rose,
 Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose sil'ry plumes 227
 Give patterns which employ the mimic looms: 228
 Nor almond nor the chestnut dye disclaim,
 Nor others which from wax derive their name. 229
 As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread
 When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled, 230
 So various are the colours you may try, 231
 Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye. 232

Try every one, what best becomes you wear;
 For no complexion all alike can bear.
 If fair the skin, black may become it best;
 In black the lovely fair Briseis drest:
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white;
 Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful smells,
 Which sometimes health or kindly heat expels;
 Nor from your tender legs to pluck with care
 The casual growth of all unseemly hairs,
 Tho' not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
 Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring,
 Yet let me warn you that thro' no neglect
 You let your teeth disclose the least defect:
 You know the use of white to make you fair,
 And how with red lost colour to repair;
 Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
 And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
 Nor need the fair one be asham'd who tries
 By art to add new lustre to her eyes.
 A little book I've made, but with great care,
 How to preserve the face, and how repair;
 In that the nymphs by time or chance annoy'd,
 May see what pains to please I've employ'd:
 But still beware that from your lover's eye
 You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:
 Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
 Lest whom it would invite it should forbid.

Who would not take offence to see a face
 All daub'd and dripping with the melted grease?
 And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
 The wool's unfav'ry scent is still the same.
 Marrow of stags nor your pomatums try,
 Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
 For many things when done afford delight,
 Which yet while doing may offend the sight.
 Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass.
 Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
 As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
 Think how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
 Which now a perfect Venus shews to view.
 While we suppose you sleep repair your face,
 Lock'd from observers in some secret place.
 Add the last hand before yourselves you show;
 Your need of art why should your lover know?
 For many things when most conceal'd are best,
 And few of strict inquiry bear the test.
 Those figures which in theatres are seen
 Gilded without, are common wood within;
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry
 Till all is finish'd which allures the eye.
 Yet I must own it oft' affords delight
 To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;
 To view the flowing honours of her head
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.

But let her look that she with care avoid
 All fretful humours while she's so employ'd;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
 All that her woman does, who does her best.

Hate a vixen that her maid assails,
 And scratches with her bodkin or her nails,
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
 And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
 Plant centinels before her dressing-room,
 Or in the face of the good goddess dress,
 Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
 A lady at her toilette once surpris'd,
 Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tour she wore,
 And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
 But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
 Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.

Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
 The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn,
 A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead,
 And as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not these instructions are design'd
 For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind;
 Not to a Semele or Leda bright,
 Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;
 Not the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
 Stirr'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms.

Thee to regain well was that war begun;
 And Paris well defended what he won:
 What lover and what husband would not fight
 In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, some homely and some fair, 330
 But of the former sort the larger share.
 The handsome least require the help of Art,
 Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
 When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
 But all his skill exerts when storms arise. 335

Faults in your person or your face correct,
 And few are seen that have not some defect:
 The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,
 Lest when she stands she may be thought to sit;
 And when extended on her couch she lies,
 Let length of petticoats conceal her size. 340
 The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should chuse,
 And fuller made than what the plumper use.
 If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;
 If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly. 345
 A leg too lank tight garters still must wear,
 Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
 Round shoulders bolster'd will appear the least;
 And lacing strait confines too full a breast.
 Whose fingers are too fat and nails too coarse,
 Should always shun much gesture in discourse. 350
 And you whose breath is touch'd this caution take,
 Nor fasting nor too near another speak.

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Let not the nymph with laughter much abound
 Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound : 355
 You hardly think how much on this depends,
 And how a laugh or spoils a face or mends.
 Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
 And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes ;
 Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake ; 360
 Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
 In some distortions quite the face disguise ;
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
 In one too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
 Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd. 365
 What cannot art attain ! many, with ease,
 Have learn'd to weep both when and how they please.
 Others thro' affectation lisp, and find
 In imperfection charms to catch mankind !
 Neglect no means which may promote your ends ; 370
 Now learn what way of walking recommends.
 Too masculine a motion shocks the sight,
 But female grace allures with strange delight.
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,
 Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind ; 375
 Swell'd with the wanton wind they loosely flow,
 And ev'ry step and graceful motion flows
 Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
 Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
 Between extremes in this a mean adjust, 380
 Nor show too nice a gait, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
 That and the shoulder of the left arm bare:
 Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
 And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main,
 Can ships when under sail with songs detain;
 Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
 When first he listen'd to the charming sound.

Singing insinuates: learn, all ye Maids!
 Oft' when a face forbids a voice persuades,
 Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
 Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air.
 Well shall she sing of whom I make my choice,

And with her lute accompany her voice.
 The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen staid,
 When on his lyre melodius Orpheus play'd;
 Even Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd;

And stones officious were thy walls to raise,
 O Thebes! attracted by Amphion's lays;
 The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
 And was, Arion! by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,
 And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.
 Terentian plays may much the mind improve,
 But softer Sappho best instructs to love.

Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus, read,
 And let Varroian verse to these succeed;

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Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse,
Of all the Latian bards the noblest Muse: 410

Even I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these:

My labour'd lines some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.

Whatever book you read of this soft art, 415
Read with a lover's voice and lover's heart.

Tender Epistles, too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of and unnam'd.

Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and Lyæus! thine. 420

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught;

That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm assur'd to tell, 425
Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;

To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.

Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful sometimes most divert.

Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use; 431
Parties begun at play may love produce.

But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play:

Unguarded then, each breast is open laid, 435
And while the head's intent the heart's betray'd

Then base desire of gain, then rage, appears,
 Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
 Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
 While losing gamesters all the gods defy. 440
 Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast;
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep, at last.
 Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these
 From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please!
 Soft recreations fit the female-kind;
 Nature for men has rougher sports design'd;
 To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear,
 To stop or turn the steed in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
 Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams, 450
 Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
 And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,
 'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
 To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air
 To Pompey's Gardens, or the shady groves 455
 Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves;
 Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
 And made Augustus' victory complete:
 Or seek those shades where monuments of fame
 Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name; 460
 Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
 When he with naval victory was crown'd.
 To Isis' fane, to theatres, resort,
 And in the Circus see the noble sport:

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In ev'ry public place by turns be shown ; 465
 In vain you're fair while you remain unknown.
 Should you in singing Thamyra transcend,
 Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
 Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
 Her beauties still beneath the waves had been. 470

Poets inspir'd write only for a name,
 And think their labours well repaid with fame.

In former days I own the poets were
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care ;
 Majestic awe was in the name allow'd, 475
 And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
 Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
 And next his own the poet's statue plac'd :
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream. 480
 Still there's a pleasure that proceeds from praise ;
 What could the high renown of Homer raise,
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?

Who could have been of Danae's charms assur'd,
 Had she grown old within her tow'r immur'd? 485
 This as a rule let ev'ry nymph pursue,
 That 'tis her int'rest oft' to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
 In hopes thro' many to make sure of one :
 So let the fair the gazing crowd assail, 490
 That over one at least she may prevail.

In ev'ry place to please be all her thought ;
 Where sometimes least we think the fish is caught :
 Sometimes all day we hunt the tedious foil,
 Anon the stag himself shall seek the toil. 495

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
 Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
 The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire,
 While yet she weeps may kindle new desire,
 And Hymen's torch re-light with fun'ral fire. 500

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd,
 And look you fly with speed a fop profess'd:
 Such tools to you, and to a thousand more,
 Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
 This way and that unsteadily they rove,
 And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
 Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
 Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
 Believe me ; all I say is for your good ;
 Had Priam been believ'd Troy still had stood. 510

Many with base designs will passion feign,
 Who know no love but sordid love of gain ;
 But let not powder'd heads nor essenc'd hair
 Your well-believing easy hearts insnare.
 Rich clothes are oft' by common sharpers worn, 515
 And diamond rings felonious hands adorn :
 So may your lover burn with fierce desire
 Your jewels to enjoy and best attire.
 Poor Cloe robb'd runs crying thro' the streets,
 And as she runs, " Give me my own," repeats. 520

How often, Venus! hast thou heard such cries;
 And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
 Some so notorious are, their very name
 Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent defame,
 Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd;
 And faithless men with constant care avoid:
 Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid!
 Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd;
 And thou, Demophoon! heir to Theseus' crimes,
 Hast lost thy credit to all future times. 330

Promise for promise equally afford;
 But once a contract made keep well your word;
 For she for any act of hell is fit,
 And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,
 With impious hands could quench the vestal fire;
 Poison her husband in her arms for hire,
 Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
 And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my Muse! check thy unruly horse,
 And more in sight pursue th' intended course. 340

If love epistles tender lines impart,
 And billet-doux are sent to sound your heart,
 Let all such letters by a faithful maid
 Or confidant be secretly convey'd.
 Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
 When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere. 346
 Ere in return you write some time require;
 Delays, if not too long, increase desire:

Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
 Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain. 350
 Now let his hopes, now let his fears, increase,
 But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases when you write;
 The usual way of speech is more polite.
 How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd 355
 To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
 A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
 And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
 You from your husband still would hide th' affair, 360
 Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd,
 Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
 What agonies that woman undergoes
 Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose,
 Who rashly trusting dreads to be deceiv'd, 365
 And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!
 Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
 For those discov'ries sure as lightning blast.
 Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;
 Let arms repel all who with arms invade. 370

But since your letters may be brought to light,
 What if in sev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
 My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
 And this advice so necessary made.
 Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain; 375
 First rub your lover's out, then write again.

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Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind,
As if to women writ your letters frame;
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name: 579

Now greater things to tell, my Muse! prepare,
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place,
For fury will deform the finest face;
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns: 589

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek, she sung it quick aside,
"Nor is thy music so much worth," she cry'd. 590

Look in your glass when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess you scarce yourselves can know:

Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride. 595

How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!

Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles, be paid,
And when your lover bows incline your head: 600

So love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.

Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;
Let sad Teemessa weep in 'Ajax' arms:

Let mourning beauties fullen heroes move ; 603
 We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
 Let Hector in Andromache delight,
 Who in bewailing Troy wastes all the night :
 Had they not both born children (to be plain)
 I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
 I no idea in my mind can frame 611
 That either one or t'other doleful dame
 Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
 My Life! my Soul! or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain, 615
 Or fear small things by greater to explain?
 Observe what conduct prudent gen'als use,
 And how their sev'ral officers they chuse;
 To one a charge of infantry commit,
 Another for the horse is thought more fit. 620
 So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
 And as you find 'em qualify'd direct.
 The wealthy lover store of gold should send,
 The lawyer should in courts your cause defend:
 We who write verse with verse alone should bribe;
 Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe : 626
 By us your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd;
 So Nemesis, so Cynthia's, name was rais'd.
 From east to west Lycoris' praises ring,
 Nor are Corinna's silent whom we sing. 630
 No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;
 Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere.

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Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires;
 But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.
 Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
 With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
 Our softer studies with our souls combine,
 And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
 Be gentle, Virgins! to the poet's pray'r;
 The god that fills him, and the Muse, revere;
 Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
 Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
 'Tis sin a price from poets to exact;
 But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act:
 Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
 Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein with diff'rent force
 A new-back'd courser and a well-train'd horse,
 Do you by diff'rent management engage
 The man in years and youth of greener age.
 This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone;
 With kind caresses oft' indulge the boy,
 And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
 Alone, thus blest'd, of rivals most beware;
 "Nor love nor empire can a rival bear."
 Men more discreetly love when more mature,
 And many things which youth disdains endure;
 No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
 Nor tear their own or mistresses' attire.

In youth the boiling blood gives fury vent,
 But men in years more calmly wrongs resent:
 As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
 They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
 More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies; 665
 Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
 How surely to enslave ourselves we show.
 To trust a traitor you'll no scruple make,
 Who is a traitor only for your sake. 670

Who yields too soon will soon her lover lose;
 Would you retain him long, then long refuse:
 Oft' at your door make him for entrance wait,
 There let him lie, and threaten, and entreat:
 When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore.
 Ships by fair winds are sometimes run ashore. 676
 Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
 The husband when he pleases has his wife.
 Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
 "Here's no admittance, Sir; I must deny;" 680
 The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
 A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid }
 I now sharp weapons for the sex provide, [aside,
 Nor doubt against myself to see 'em try'd. 685 }

When first a lover you design to charm,
 Beware lest jealousies his soul alarm;
 Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
 That he, and only he's the happy man.

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Anon by due degrees small doubts create, 690
 And let him fear some rival's better fate:
 Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
 Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.
 Then strains the courser to out-strip the wind,
 When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
 Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive; 696
 I own when mine's secure 'tis scarce alive:
 Yet one precaution to this rule belongs,
 Let us at most suspect, not prove, our wrongs.
 Sometimes, your lover to incite the more, 700
 Pretend your husband's spies beset the door:
 Tho' free as Thais, still affect a fright;
 For seeming danger heightens the delight.
 Oft' let the youth in thro' your window steal,
 Tho' he might enter at the door as well; 705
 And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
 And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
 Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
 And let him taste of happiness sincere;
 Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue, 710
 He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.
 But I forget to tell how you may try
 Both to evade the husband and the spy.
 That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
 Agrees with justice, modesty, and law; 715
 But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
 None but her keeper I am sure denies.

For such fair nymphs these Precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were, 720
Advis'd by me you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write?
Or can his caution against such provide,
Which in her breast your confidant may hide? 725
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?
Yet these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And writing on her skin your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green, 730
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen;
Fair will the paper show, nor can be read
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Aerifus was with all his care betray'd,
And in his tow'r of brass a grandfire made. 735

Can spies avail when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybelle's, whose rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come, 740
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door. 745

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Sometimes with wine your watchful foll'wer treat;
 When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat;
 Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
 Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
 Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
 An inclination for his person feign;
 With faint resistance let her drill him on,
 And after competent delays be won. 570

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
 Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles? 755
 Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
 Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.
 With presents fools and wife alike are caught;
 Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
 But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy, 760
 That you for ever his connivance buy;
 Pay him his price at once, for with such men
 You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
 Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend. 765
 Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
 Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
 Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
 Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth:
 The very confidant that lends the bed 770
 May entertain your lover in your stead:
 Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
 For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But whither do I run with heedless rage,
 Teaching the foe unequal war to wage;
 Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
 Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
 But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
 I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art;
 Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life;
 And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
 Nor will you find it hard belief to gain;
 Full of himself, he your design will aid;
 To what we wish 'tis easy to persuade;
 With dying eyes his face and form survey,
 Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay:
 Now drop a tear, your sorrows to assuage,
 Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage;
 Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
 And make him pity your excessive love;
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
 "How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
 But chiefly one such fond behaviour fires,
 Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires:
 Proud of the homage to his merit done,
 He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.
 † Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
 Nor straight fly out when you a rival fear:
 Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
 Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.

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Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'er shade:
There rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine:
There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytissus and garden pines abound,
While thro' the boughs soft winds of zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass:
Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd,
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura! come, this heat allay."
But some tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd,
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what she had heard:
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpris'd and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face;
And agonies like death supply'd the place;
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives;
Of ripen'd quinces such the yellow hue,
Or when unripe we cornel-berries view.

Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore, 830
 Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
 Now all dishevell'd to the wood she flies,
 With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,
 And all alone the shady hill ascends. 835
 What folly, Procris! o'er thy mind prevail'd?
 What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
 Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
 She now shall in the very fact be caught.
 Anon thy heart repents its rash designs, 840
 And now to go and now to stay inclines:
 Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
 And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find:
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
 And more suspicious still the place appears; 845
 But more than all excessive love deceives,
 Which all it fears too easily believes.
 And now a chilness run thro' ev'ry vein,
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd to shun 850
 The scorching ardour of the mid-day sun;
 With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
 Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual place.
 Procris, with anxious but with silent care,
 View'd him extended, with his bosom bare, 855
 And heard him soon th' accusom'd words repeat,
 "Come, Zephyr! Aura! come, allay this heat!"

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Soon as she found her error from the word,
 Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
 With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms,
 But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms;
 Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,
 And straight his arrows and his bow prepares.
 Hold! hold! unhappy youth!—I call in vain;
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain: 865
 “Me, me,” she cries, “thou’st wounded with thy dart!
 “But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart:
 “Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
 “Since, tho’ untimely, I unrivall’d die.
 “Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
 “Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath.” 871
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
 And wash’d with streaming tears the wound he made;
 At length the springs of life their currents leave,
 And her last gasp her husband’s lips receive. 875

Now to pursue our voyage we must provide,
 Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.
 You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
 Come not the first invited to a feast;
 Rather come last, as a more grateful guest;
 For that of which we fear to be depriv’d,
 Meets with the surest welcome when arriv’d.
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind
 From candle-light no small advantage find. 885

During the time you eat observe some grace,
 Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;
 Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
 Of all extremes in either kind beware, 890
 And still before your belly's full forbear.
 No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
 Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own I think of wine the moderate use
 More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse; 895
 It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
 And Wine and Love have always been allies:
 But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
 Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep;
 For in such sleeps brutalities are done, 900
 Which tho' you loath you have no pow'r to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph, from table led,
 Should next be taught how to behave in bed:
 But modesty forbids; nor more my Muse
 With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues; 905
 Her purple swans unyok'd, the chariot leave,
 And needful rest (their journey done) receive.
 Thus with impartial care my art I show,
 And equal arms on either sex bestow;
 While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
 Ovid must own, their mastery is in love. 911

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SATIRE XL OF JUVENAL.

The Argument.

THE design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery, but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shews us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him, and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages, to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the by touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend, advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and dissuets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

If noble Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but state;
But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth,
'Tis downright madness; for what greater jest
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
 And proves the common theme of all the town. 10
 A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
 Able for arms, and for his country's good,
 Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
 But following his own inglorious choice,
 'Mongst common fencers practises the trade, 15
 That end debasing for which arms were made;
 Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
 But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
 Many there are of the same wretched kind,
 Whom their despairing creditors may find 20
 Lurking in shambles, where with borrow'd coin
 They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
 Such whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
 But that one brutal reason why they live:
 And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these 25
 The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
 And he whose thin transparent rags declare
 How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
 Would ransack ev'ry element for choice 30
 Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price;
 If brought from far it very dear has cost,
 It has a flavour then which pleases most;
 And he devours it with a greater gust.
 In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
 And that exhausted, still new pledges gives, 35
 Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
 He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.

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Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
 The broken relic he with speed devours,
 As he would all the rest of 's ancestors
 If wrought in gold; or if, expos'd to sale,
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
 Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger soon, and want, he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd at length to serve
 Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a pletheous feast,
 The question is at whose expense 'tis drest?
 In great Ventidius we the bounty prize,
 In Rutilus the vanity despise.
 Strange ignorance! that the same man who knows
 How far yond' mount above this molehill shows,
 Should not perceive a difference as great
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!
 From heav'n to mortals, sure, that rule was sent,
 Of "Know thyself," and by some god was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Thro' all the various courses which we steer.
 Ther sites, tho' the most presumptuous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak,
 When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
 Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't,

And not mistake strong lungs and impudence
 For harmony of words and force of sense:
 Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
 A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee;
 Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury,
 And wisely make that kind of food thy choice
 To which necessity confines thy price.
 Well may they fear some miserable end
 Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend, 75
 Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
 Both land and stock, int'rest and principal;
 Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
 Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
 And tho' a knight 'mongst common slaves now stands,
 Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands. 81
 Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
 On whom each added year heaps misery,
 Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy. }
 But there are steps in villany which these 85
 Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
 Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
 Which never meaning to restore, they spend;
 But that and their small stock of credit gone, 89
 Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they
 For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown [run;
 For debt and roguery to quit the town,
 Than in the midst of summer's scorching heat
 From crowds, and noise, and bus'ness, to retreat.

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One only grief such fugitives can find,
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,
 The plays and loose diversions of the place,
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
 That, out of count'nance, Virtue's fled from earth;
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
 She's with Astrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
 Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
 Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
 If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
 In public, yet in private gormondize.
 Evander's feast reviv'd to-day thou'lt see;
 The poor Evander I, and thou shalt be
 Alcides and Æneas both to me.
 Mean time I send you now your bill of fare;
 Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer;
 For nothing from the stables I provide,
 But from my own small farm the tend'rest kid,
 And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
 That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat:
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
 Next that shall mountain sparagus be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain but cleanly country-maid:
 The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
 Together with the hens which laid 'em, dress;

Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress,
And from his little garden cull'd a feast
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;
For scarce a slave but has to dinner now
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat
On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry slice of bacon to prepare;
If they had fresh meat 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd; and 'twas highly priz'd
If ought was left of what they sacrific'd
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen
But those who had at least thrice Consul been,
Or the Dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now, from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.

Then might y' have seen the good old gen'ral haste,
 Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
 His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
 Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
 'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,
 And Vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay;
 Our Censors then were subject to the law,
 Ev'n Pow'r itself of Justice stood in awe;
 It was not then a Roman's anxious thought
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought;
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his bed,
 That he at vast expense might loll his head.
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept as cheaply as he din'd.
 The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field,
 If cups of silver or of gold he brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trapping straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd,
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid;
 The Roman Wolf suckling the Twins was there,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
 Hovering above his crest did dreadful show,
 As threat'ning death to each resisting foe.

No use of silver but in arms was known;
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone:
 No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd;
 No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
 Expensive riot was not understood,
 But earthen platters held their homely food:
 Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?
 Heav'n, unwearied then, did blessings pour,
 And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
 Mankind were then familiar with the god;
 He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod,
 And would have still been bounteous as of old;
 Had we not left him for that idol, Gold.
 His golden statues hence the god have driv'n,
 For well he knows where our devotion's giv'n;
 'Tis gold we worship, tho' we pray to Heav'n;
 Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave,
 But let it on an oaken board be set,
 His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think;
 Either your ven'son's rank or ointments stink.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something at great expense in India bought,

Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie, 203
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory,
 He finds no more of that offensive smell;
 The meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
 An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat, 210
 As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
 Riot agrees not with frugality;
 Then that unfashionable man am I; 215
 With me they'd starve for want of ivory,
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,
 Not in my very tables or chefs-board;
 Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade, 220
 Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
 Any unfav'ry haut-goût from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat,
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state:
 No sew'rs nor dext'rous carvers have I got, 225
 Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught,
 In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
 Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air,
 And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
 How to dissect, and the nice joints discern; 230
 While all the neighb'hood are with noise oppress'd,
 From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

On me attends a raw unskilful lady,
 On fragments fed, in homely garments clad;
 At once my carver and my Canymedo; 235
 With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
 And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
 No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
 No catamites, by shameful panders taught;
 Only to me two home-bred youths belong, 240
 Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
 Alike in feature both, and garb, appear,
 With honest faces, tho' with uncurl'd hair.
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee; 245
 Of country swains they both were born, and one
 My ploughman's is; t'other my shepherd's son;
 A cheerful sweetness in his looks he hat,
 And innocence unartful in his face,
 Tho' sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy, 250
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy:
 His absence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,
 And with his eyes look wishes to return,
 Longing to see his tender kids again,
 And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain: 255
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art;
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart:
 Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn. 260

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This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
 With wine from his own country brought, and
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 From the same vines beneath whose fruitful shade
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd. 265

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
 With am'rous songs and wanton dances grac'd,
 Where sprightly females, to the middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air,
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move, 270
 And twine and bound as in the rage of love:
 Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
 And jaded Lust springs forward with this spur:
 Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands now do with their wives behold,
 A needful help to make 'em both approve 276
 The dry embraces of long-wedded Love:
 In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire;
 But she who by her sex's charter must 280
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
 Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
 Strongly her bosom heaves and pulses beat;
 With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
 With arms expanded and with naked thighs, 285
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.

But this becomes not me nor my estate;
 These are the vicious follies of the great;
 Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine,
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
 Which or to see or hear the lewdest slave,
 The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
 With bashful indignation would refuse.
 But fortune there extenuates the crime;
 What's vice in me is only mirth in him:
 The fruits which murder, cards, or dice, afford,
 A Vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
 Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
 To afford you pleasures of another kind:
 Yet, with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
 And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read,
 Either of whom does all mankind excel,
 Tho' which exceeds the other none can tell.
 It matters not with what ill tone they're sung;
 Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
 Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may
 To peace and soft repose give all the day.
 From thoughts of debt or any worldly ill
 Be free; be all uneasy passions still.
 What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)

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Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam, 315
 And having quench'd her flame come breathless home,
 Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,

Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
 Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire, 320

Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with passion which you dare not vent?

Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms.

You must seem fond and doting on her charms,

Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms. 325

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,

At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;

All thy domestic griefs at home be left,

The wife's adult'ry with the servants' theft,

And (the most racking thought which can intrude) 330

Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,

While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen :

There (to the bane of horses) in high state

The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat, 335

Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,

As if with conquest from the wars return'd.

This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,

Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,

To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat; 340

Echoes already do their shouts repeat :

Methinks I hear the cry—" Away, away!

" The green have won the honour of the day."

Oh ! should these sports be but one year forborne,
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn ; 343
 For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
 Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field,
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
 On beds of roses laid, let us repose, 350
 While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
 Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
 And live this day devoted to our ease.
 Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
 Nor need we now the common censure fear ; 355
 On festivals it is allow'd no crime
 To bathe and eat before the usual time ;
 But that continu'd would a loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a week together live,
 For frequent use would the delight exclude ;
 Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursu'd. 361

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PARAPHRASE

UPON

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XIX.

Mater sava Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant Queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit Love's long rejected fires, 5
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return:
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light;
Her very coyness warms, 10
And with a grateful fullness she charms;
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;
My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins; 15
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns;
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest;
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight, 20

And make rough war their sport;
 Such idle themes no more can move,
 Ner any thing but what's of high import;
 And what's of high import but love?
 Vervain and gums, and the green turf, prepare;
 With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
 After our sacrifice and prayer
 The goddesses may incline her heart to yield.



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THE END.

